Saturday Review

AUGUST 28, 1954 / 20¢

CORDINGS

RESCRIPTION FOR
WORLD
Bertrand Russell

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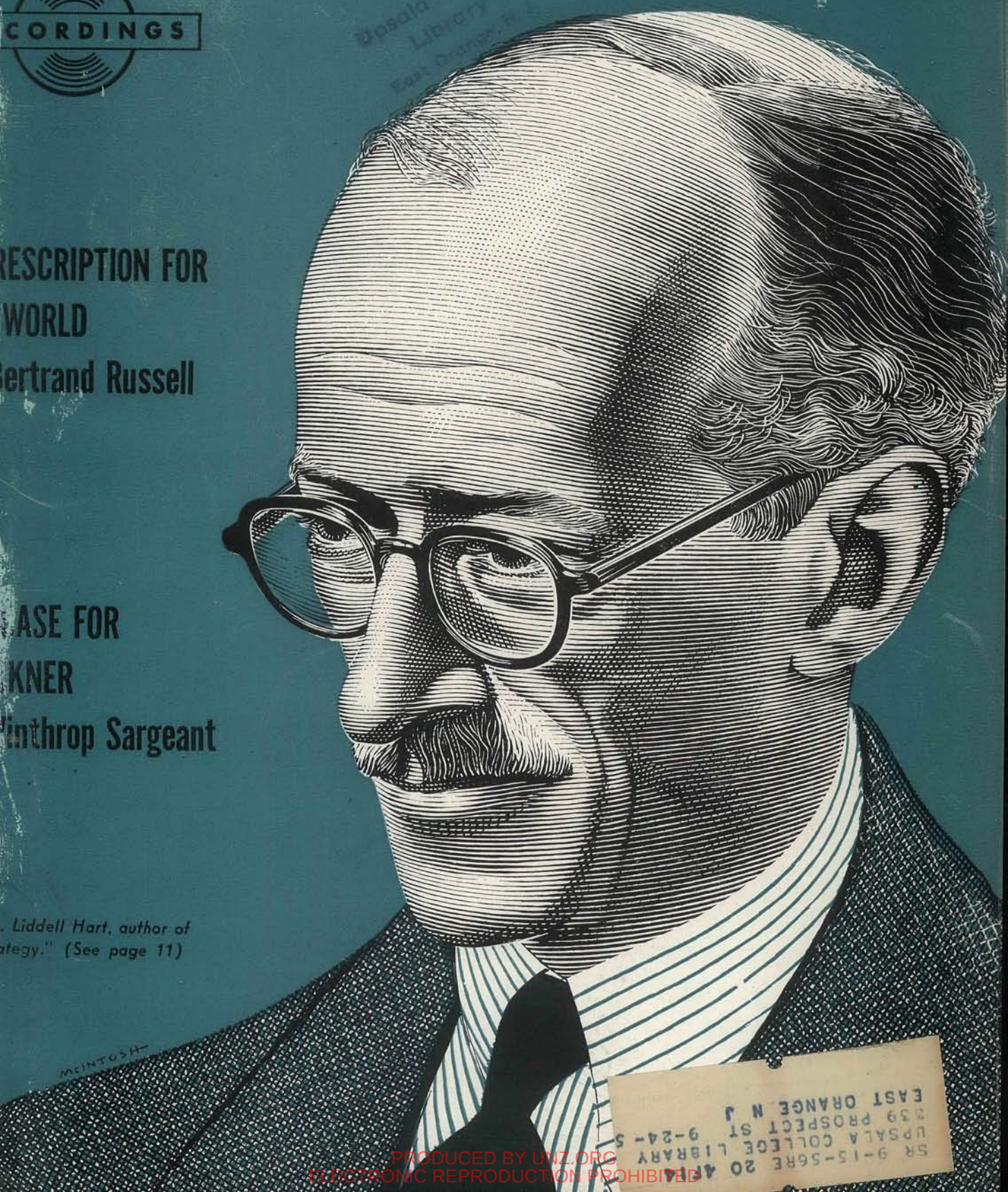

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Because you love fine music... because you seek incomparable high fidelity... lend us your ears for a story significant to you—the story of Full Dimensional Sound.

Years before the present hi-fi tumult began, we at Capitol determined to capture on records live music which would, when played at home, *re-live* in all its original clarity, tonal balance and fidelity.

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Capitol RECORDS

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SR's Library Poll

WHILE alcohol in the party world is supposed only to dissolve the reserves which make socializing difficult, in some rare persons it dissolves the whole fabric of life and spirit—transforming them, sickening them, defeating them. Lillian Roth's autobiography, "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (#3 on *SR*'s list), is a chronicle of one woman's alcoholic addiction, and the tortuous steps by which she climbed out of a pit of futile despair and chaos to an organized existence.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth (G)**
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
6. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
7. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
8. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
9. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
   by Caryl Chessman (G)
10. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
11. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
12. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
13. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
14. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
15. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
16. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
19. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
20. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT—The ***Bell Solar Battery*** is made of thin, specially treated strips of silicon, an ingredient of common sand. Needs no fuel other than light. Should theoretically last indefinitely, since it has no moving parts and nothing is consumed or destroyed.

New Bell Solar Battery Converts Sun's Rays Into Electricity

Bell Telephone Laboratories demonstrate new device for using power from the sun

Great and kindly is the sun. Each day it bathes the earth in light, bringing life to everything on earth.

Scientists have long reached for the secret of the sun. For they have known that it sends us nearly as much energy daily as is contained in all known reserves of coal, oil and uranium.

If this energy could be put to use there would be enough to turn every wheel and light every lamp that mankind would ever need.

Now the dream of the ages is closer to realization. For out of the Bell Telephone Laboratories has come the ***Bell Solar Battery***—a device to convert energy from the sun directly and efficiently into usable amounts of electricity.

Though much development still remains to be done, this new battery gives a glimpse of future progress in many different fields.

Its use with transistors (also invented at Bell Laboratories) offers far-reaching opportunities for improvements and economies in telephone service.

A small ***Bell Solar Battery*** has shown that it can send voices over telephone wires and operate low-power radio transmitters. Made to cover a square yard, it can deliver enough power from the sun to light an ordinary reading lamp.

Great benefits for telephone users and for all mankind will come from this forward step in harnessing the limitless power of the sun.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Whenever anyone trots out that old turkey – "Behind every great man is a woman," I often wonder: is she supposed to be back there pushing or pulling?

Doubleday's big new book by Irving Stone, *Love Is Eternal*, makes it clear that Mary Todd Lincoln was pushing. Not that Abe needed extra ambition. He had that, in full measure, but the ups and downs of political fortune in Springfield and Washington often caused Abe to get the "hypo," the Lincolns' private word for his chronic melancholia. When that happened, Mary pushed, but lovingly and in that marvelously feminine fashion wherein the pushee seldom realizes it until he's well over the cliff.

Love Is Eternal is a warmer and more sympathetic portrait of the much-maligned Mrs. Lincoln than we have been led to expect. Mary even managed to get herself investigated by a Congressional committee, but by far the most successful investigation of Lincoln's wife is this new one by Irving Stone. It is a biographical novel, a form in which Stone was a pioneer and remains as master. It shows, most gracefully, that while there may have been grave doubts about both the State of the Union and the state of the Lincolns' union, each was based on mutual respect, affection and passion, and each persevered.

The book enlarges on another maxim (somewhat newer) by making it clear that you should never underestimate the power of a woman, especially when she's married to a great man.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Love Is Eternal completes the trilogy of American marriage started by Irving Stone with the widely-read *Immortal Wife* and continued with *The President's Lady*, the story of Rachel and Andrew Jackson. The price is $3.95 and, despite the supposedly crushing inroads imposed by television, movies and the motor car upon American reading habits, you will find it easily available at all bookshops. It is the September selection of the Literary Guild and as such will be read by thousands of Americans. Books, you see, are eternal, also.

(*Advertisement*)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription a year, $3 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 35, Aug. 28, 19 Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry Philadelphia, Pa.; under the Act of March 3, 1879. Inde in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates,

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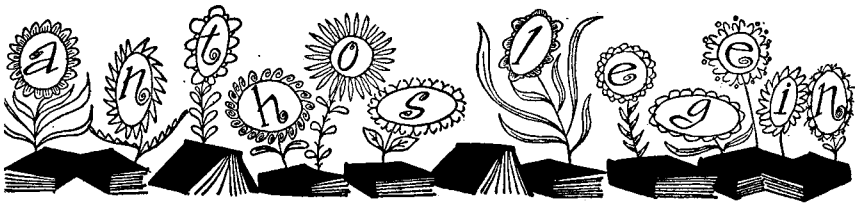
TRADE Winds

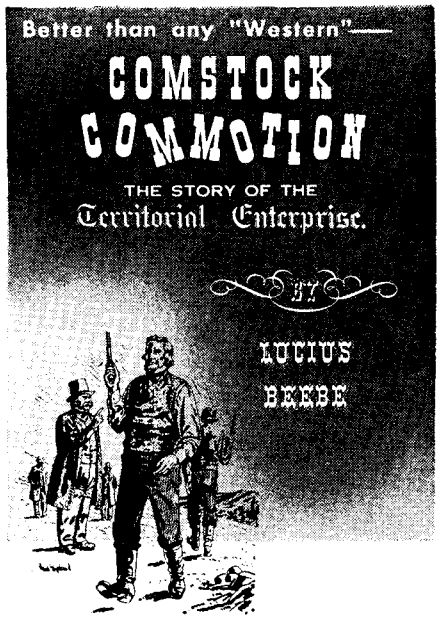
OR SOME TIME E. De Golyer and a lot f other wise bookmen have been eating the drums for publishers and ooksellers to stop looking on books s vegetables—in other words, to stop elling only the new and fresh regard-ess of whether or not they are ob-iously pot-boilers or author-holders. Ve think a good deal of this idea; off-and we can think of only half a ozen fall lists which could not be cut ı half—with a loss of nothing except xpense and with a profit of, if nothing lse, lost prestige. As for the book-ellers, we've been thinking about ıem too, and we also think a good eal of a suggestion made by San rancisco's Lew Lengfeld; he told the .BA convention at Atlantic City this ummer that the book clubs should be mited to books which are over a year ld.

It's not such a horrible thought. No ss an authority than Ralph Waldo merson once laid down three prac-cal rules for readers: (1) Never read ıy book that is not a year old. (2) ever read any but famed books. 3) Never read any but what you like. 'e don't know how that Number 3 s into the book-club question (the ea of anyone picking a book for Mr. merson!), but there are now more ıan sixty book clubs and pretty soon, the retail outlets keep closing down, ıere may be as many book clubs as ook stores.

EANWHILE, we did a stretch on the ll books. We were looking for a end or a theme or—and then we had —an anthology. It's going to be quite season for anthologies. The word, course, comes from *anthos* (flower) ıd *legein* (to gather), and while few ıthologies are called anthologies ook salesmen believe that a rose by me other name would smell veeter), maybe this is the year to sell e salesmen. Anyway, we gathered em together—anthologies, collec-ons, encyclopediae, symposia, and mpendia—and here they are, all lled something else, all just pub-ished or just forthcoming, and all for st two months:

An anthology of America (Emily Davie's "Profile of America," Crow-ell-Studio, $8.50 and $7.50); an an-thology of art (Francis Henry Taylor's "Fifty Centuries of Art," Harper, $5); an anthology of humor (Bennett Cerf's "Encyclopedia of American Humor," Garden City, $3.95); an an-thology of furniture (Wallace Nut-ting's "Furniture Treasury," Macmil-lan, $10.95); an anthology of homes (Richard Pratt's "Second Treasury of Early American Homes," Hawthorne, $12.50); an anthology of nature (Charles Neider's "Man Against Na-ture," Harper, $5); an anthology of murder (George Harmon Coxe's "Butcher, Baker, Murder Maker," Knopf, $3.50); an anthology of the sea (A. C. Spectorsky's "The Book of the Sea," Appleton-Century-Crofts, $10); an anthology of love songs (Margaret Bradford Boni's "The Fireside Book of Love Songs," Simon & Schuster, $6); an anthology of epics (Arthur E. Hutson and Patricia McCoy's "Epics of the Western World," Lippincott, $5.50); an anthology of the Restora-tion (James Holly Hanford's "A Res-toration Reader," Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50); an anthology of the Edward-ians (Dudley Frasier and Mary Elisa-beth Edes's "The Age of Extrava-gance," Rinehart, $5); an anthology of current politics (Quincy Howe and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s "Guide to Politics 1954," Dial, $2.50); an an-thology of law stories (Albert P. Blaustein's "Fiction Goes to Court," Holt, $4); an anthology of beliefs (Ed-ward R. Murrow's second "This I Be-lieve," Simon & Schuster, $3); an an-thology of religion (Ruth Elmquist's "Golden Moments of Religious In-spiration," McGraw-Hill, $4); another of religion (E. A. Blackburn's "A Treasury of the Kingdom," Oxford, $2.75); an anthology of the House of Lords—political, not religious (Syd-ney D. Bailey's "The House of Lords," Praeger, $3.25); an anthology of the Bible (James Reeves's "The Holy Bible in Brief," Messner, $4); an an-thology of speeches (Houston Peter-son's "A Treasury of the World's Great Speeches," Simon & Schuster, $7.50; an anthology of Irish folklore (Padraic Colum's "A Treasury of





THE TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE staff, including Mark Twain, Joe Goodman, and Dan DeQuille, were as handy in formal duels as they were with type stick and whiskey bottle. Their newspaper was perfumed with gunsmoke, outrage, and violent history. **COMSTOCK COMMOTION** reads like a novel, and creates a living picture of the Western frontier in the exciting silver bonanza days. Cloth, $3.50. Paper, $2.00.

LEGENDS of the COMSTOCK LODE
by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg

Tales of the most arresting and dramatic aspects of the Virginia City silver bonanza collected in one volume by the editor and publisher of "The Territorial Enterprise" and reissued by Stanford University Press. Paper, $2.00.

MALAYA: COMMUNIST OR FREE? By Victor Purcell. Will Malaya become another Indochina? Events since 1948 discussed by a former member of the Malayan Civil Service. $3.00.

JAPAN'S DECISION TO SURRENDER. By R. J. C. Butow. A new, behind-the-scenes account. $4.00.

THE WESTERN PUBLIC: 1952 and Beyond. By Alfred DeGrazia. Why did Eisenhower sweep the West in 1952? Who will the West elect in 1954 and 1956? Statistics and forecasts. Republicans take heed! Democrats take heart! $3.00.

THE LION OF THE WEST. By J. K. Paulding. Edited by J. W. Tidwell. The first play with an American as the central character. A popular farce written in 1830 and now published for the first time. $3.00.

WRITE TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS FOR COMPLETE LIST OF 1954 PUBLICATIONS

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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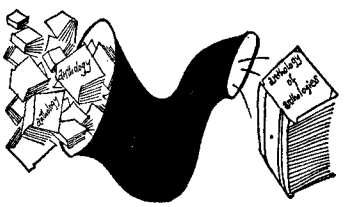
Irish Folklore," Crown, $5); an anthology of Jewish ideology (Basil Vlavianos and Feliks Gross's "Struggle for Tomorrow," Arts, Inc., $6.50); an anthology of German generals (Seymour Freidin and William Richardson's "The Six Fatal Decisions," Sloane, $5); an anthology of golf (Herbert Warren Wind's "The Complete Golfer," Simon & Schuster, $5); an anthology of talks on writing (the Hopwood Lectures, "The Writer and His Craft," University of Michigan Press, $3), and an anthology of American Liberty (Paul Angle's "By These Words," Rand McNally, $5.95).

THIS BRIEF LIST, of course, does not include anthologies of magazines. Already published are anthologies of almost every magazine you can think of and several you probably can't, like *Vogue* or *Horizon* or *Guideposts*. Forthcoming for October are "The Treasury of *The Saturday Evening Post*" (Simon and Schuster, $7.50) and "The *Youth's Companion* Anthology" (Houghton Mifflin, $6.00). The *Post* anthology, edited by Roger Butterfield, goes all the way from Ben Franklin down to the inevitable Clarence Buddington Kelland and an article entitled "I Grew Up with Eisenhower" by a schoolboy chum as told to someone else with a curious note at the beginning saying twenty-two paragraphs of the lead were cut—or, we guess, anthologized somewhere else.

"The *Youth's Companion* Anthology," on the other hand, edited by Lovell Thompson, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Arthur Stanwood, and Harford Powel, is anthologized backwards. They start with the end of the *Companion* in 1927 and move on to the beginning of the magazine in 1827. The first piece, therefore, is "The Ballad of Lucky Lindbergh" (Lindbergh, incidentally, made just about every anthology but the furniture, the golf, and the "Bible in Brief"), and the reader then moves back through a galaxy of P. T. Barnum, Robert Frost, O. Henry, Theodore Roosevelt, Stephen Crane, Don Marquis, William James, Willa Cather, Jack London, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Winston S. Churchill, Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Lincoln Steffens, Alfred Tennyson, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., William Cullen Bryant, Francis Scott Key, and John Quincy Adams. Our favorites were Mark Twain on what appears to be the dubious ancestry of the shaggy-dog story and the editorial comment which follows an anonymous story entitled "A Spittoon with a Moral to It": "While Great-Grandpa indulged in his horrible habits, Great-Grandma gave with witticisms about as sharp as a lead baseball bat. Surely, dear Reader, these were not *our* ancestors. We will agree on that now."

We particularly want to commend the *Youth's Companion* for calling itself an anthology. All in all, taking just two months' worth of anthologies together, the whole thing has given



us an idea. We're still intrigued with that *anthos* (flower) and *legein* (gather) deal. If you can't write 'em, join 'em. We're going to work on an anthology of anthologies; furthermore, we're going to call it "Garden of Eden." Wait 'til the salesmen get a sniff of that one! Gather ye rosebuds while ye October.

IN LINE WITH ALL THIS, we also pass along a complaint, via Harrison Smith, from Oliver Sayler. Mr. Sayler is engaged in bringing James Joyce's "Ulysses" and Edgar Lee Masters's "Domesday Book" to the stage this season. His first recourse for background material was their respective publishers. He found exactly nothing —in fact, proceeding with his investigation, he found that as soon as the statute of limitations (seven years) applied, virtually all publishers are in the habit of destroying all records, even of authors whose books are still in print. Mr. Sayler, not devoid of sympathy for those waging a losing battle with file accumulation, believes that the answer to this destruction may be found in starting a collection patterned after the one George Freedley started twenty years ago, for the theatre, at the New York Public Library. Mr. Sayler admits that because of the 10,000 books published annually such a book collection would have to be more selective than the Theatre Collection, and he looks as if he might be open to that "out one year" criterion. Anyway, he has made the motion. Do we hear a second?

One thing is certain about this business—you meet the most vestedly interesting people. After a year in which we have had all sorts of trouble with too many books made into paper, we now have, for the first time, a maga-

The story of

DAMON RUNYON

—the man Broadway never really knew —told by his son.

A remarkably candid and moving account of what fame and fortune did to the private life of Damon Runyon, the beloved chronicler of Broadway's guys and dolls . . . the man whose stories delighted millions, but whose *own* incredible story has never been revealed until now.

Father's Footsteps

By DAMON RUNYON, JR.

$2.95. *RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.*

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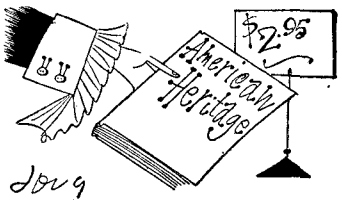
zine which is going to be made into books. It's going to be sold in the bookstores too, for $2.95 a hardcover copy, with some 116 pages and at least sixteen pages in four colors. The magazine is *American Heritage*. Originally started in 1949 with $2,500 in the bank (but with men like Allan Nevins and Carl Carmer on the board) it is now shooting at a 55,000 circulation and will move, with the December issue, from quarterly to bimonthly, under three joint sponsors: the Society of American Historians, the American Association for State and Local History, and the publishing firm of Thorndike, Jensen, and Parton. The new editor is none other than Pulitzer-winner Bruce Catton, and the publishing firm, not to be confused with Martin, Barton, and Fish, are not only publishers of company books but are also, all three, ex-*Lifers*. They're now doing time for history, while up at Rockefeller Center the Luce ends are tied up with, of all things, *Sports Illustrated*.

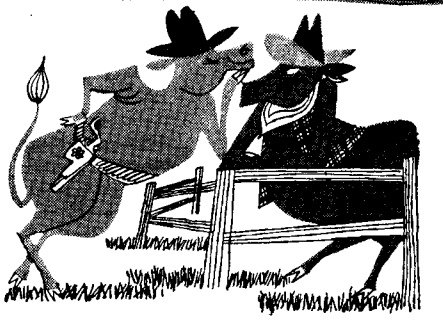


EVERYONE KNOWS that there are more people who want to write books than there are people. As proof we offer the following story of one of our favorite extra authors—a young novelist who recently visited the Park Avenue studio of Ivan Dmitri, one of our favorite photographers. Looking at the pictures on display, the young author waxed enthusiastically pompous. "Do you know," he said, "I've always wanted to take some pictures like these. Would you lend me your camera sometime?" "Sure," replied Dmitri, "on one condition. I've always wanted to write the great American novel. Would you lend me your typewriter sometime?" —CLEVELAND AMORY.

AS WE WENT to press we were informed of the sad news of the death of our friend Lloyd Morris. A wise and gracious writer, he was a kind and gentle man, and though he was too modest to believe it in his own lifetime, it is safe to say that no library of the future, either personal or public, which pretends to social history will be complete without a full representation from among Random House's "Postscript to Yesterday," "Not So Long Ago," "Incredible New York," and "Curtain Time." —C. A.

A Tale of Two Steers

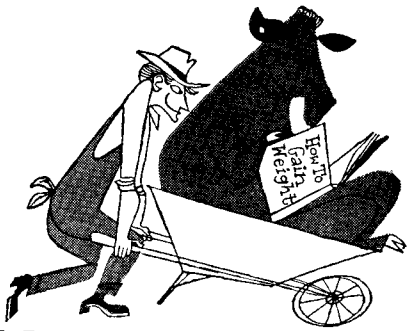
or—Why we have beef the year round instead of just at roundup time



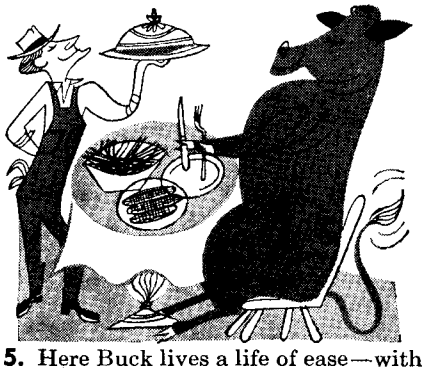
1. Tex and Buck were two steers which grew up on adjoining ranches. At roundup time (in late summer and fall, when the grass began to dry up) they left their home on the range to go to the city.

2. At the stockyards the steers were sized up by *two kinds* of buyers: (1) Meat packers, who estimated how much beef they could *get out* of them; (2) Cattle feeders, who estimated how much beef they could *put on* them.

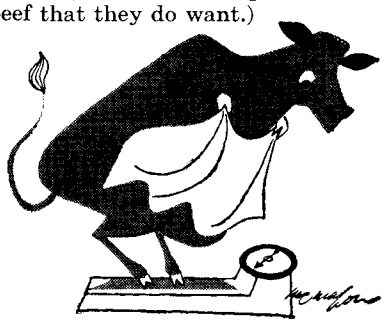
3. Tex, and others like him, was bought by a meat packer, and shortly thereafter contributed his share of fine pot roasts, stews, and hamburgers.



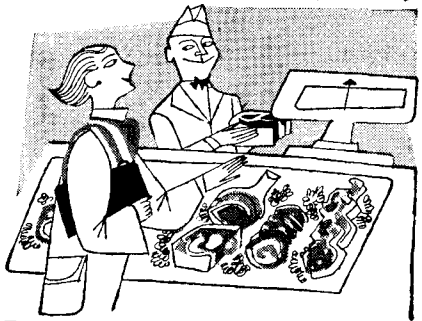
4. Buck, on the other hand, wasn't so well "finished" and was bought, along with some other steers, by a cattle feeder—a man who runs a "boarding house" for cattle.



5. Here Buck lives a life of ease—with nothing to do but eat. (Actually this is very useful work, because he is turning grains and grasses that people don't, or can't, eat into extra pounds of fine beef that they do want.)



6. In 3 to 6 months—after Buck has put on a lot of weight (200 to 450 lbs.)—he will return to the stockyards. He will arrive at the time of year when less beef is coming from the cowboy country.



7. Because farmers buy many cattle like "Buck" and add to their weight and quality, the supply of beef is evened out. If they didn't, we'd have much less beef in the winter, spring and early summer—and prices of all beef would be much higher between one year's roundup time and the next.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago *Members throughout the U. S.*

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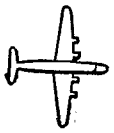

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As a special inducement to early entries, Pan American World Airways is also offering a complimentary copy of their unique world-wide travel guide, "New Horizons," to the first 250 contestants sending pictures to THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winning pictures will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 1, 1955, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Full details of the Grand Prize and of the other 26 valuable awards will be announced in future issues. Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

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Deadline for entries is October 15. 1954. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

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Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the European holiday outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1953, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film, either in color or black-and-white.

3. Black-and-white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name, age and address of the photographer, the make of the camera and film used in taking the picture, the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black-and-white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Color prints are not eligible. All transparencies must be mounted, preferably in metal or cardboard frames. Glass mounts are acceptable, but are much more likely to be broken in shipping and handling. The same photographic data as for black-and-white pictures must be given and should be written or otherwise given directly on each mounting frame for each picture. Gummed labels can be used on metal frames. Color stereos are eligible, but will be judged as single pictures so only one transparency need be sent. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winners.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1954, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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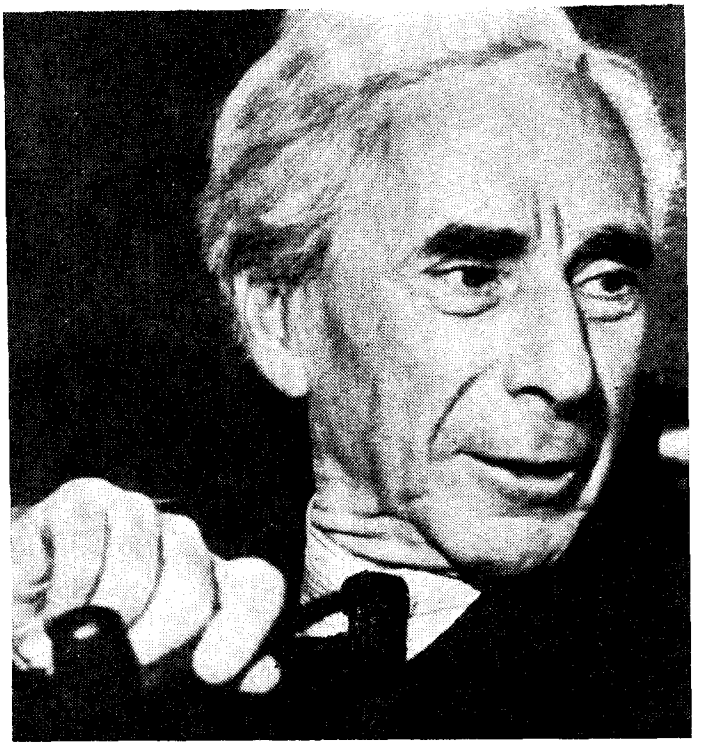
The Saturday Review

AUGUST 28, 1954

A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE WORLD



LORD RUSSELL: "The same reasons which existed for the creation of national governments exist now for the creation of an international government."

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

Few contemporary historians or philosophers have spent as much time studying and analyzing the ills of civilization as Bertrand Russell, now eighty-two. The Saturday Review *has asked the recent Nobel Prize-winner to write his prescription for the world today, taking into account both the record of the past and the promise of tomorrow.*

ORGANIZED war, an institution which has existed for some six thousand years, has at last become incompatible with the continued existence of the human race. Perhaps this incompatibility is not yet absolute. I think it possible that if a world war were to break out in the next few years a few Patagonians and Eskimos might survive it. But it is quite clear that this dazzling hope cannot survive more than a few more years of technical progress in the art of war. Serious students of the matter, except those who have some axe to grind, are agreed about the hopelessness of large-scale war in the future. And when I say "hopelessness," I mean the word in an absolute sense. I mean that there is hardly anybody in the world whose desires will be realized by a world war. I say "hardly anybody" because there may be a few pessimists who would welcome the extinction of man. But they are certainly few, and I shall ignore them. We are therefore faced with a new and very difficult problem. We have to choose between war and human life. We can no longer, as heretofore, have both.

This problem has two aspects: on the one hand, the creation of such institutions as shall permanently prevent large-scale wars; on the other hand, the steps by which the creation of such institutions can be approached.

I do not think that permanent peace can be assured by the creation of an international Authority possessing all the more important weapons of war and leaving to national states only such forces as may be necessary for internal police purposes. The existence of such an Authority will secure permanent peace only if certain further conditions are fulfilled. There must not be large national contingents which, at a crisis, might refuse to obey the supreme command when its orders appear to conflict with the national interest of those contingents. It would be necessary that every division of the army, every warship, and every air squadron should be of mixed nationality. The supreme command also would have to be vested, not in an individual, but in a committee of mixed composition. The same precautions would have to be observed in the matter of scientific research into methods of warfare and in the manufacture of munitions. If these precautions were observed it should be impossible for civil war to break out between different contingents of the international force.

A great many people object to the ideal of a single international armed force on the ground that it might lead to a military tyranny. This danger exists equally with national armed forces. It was so strongly felt in Eng-

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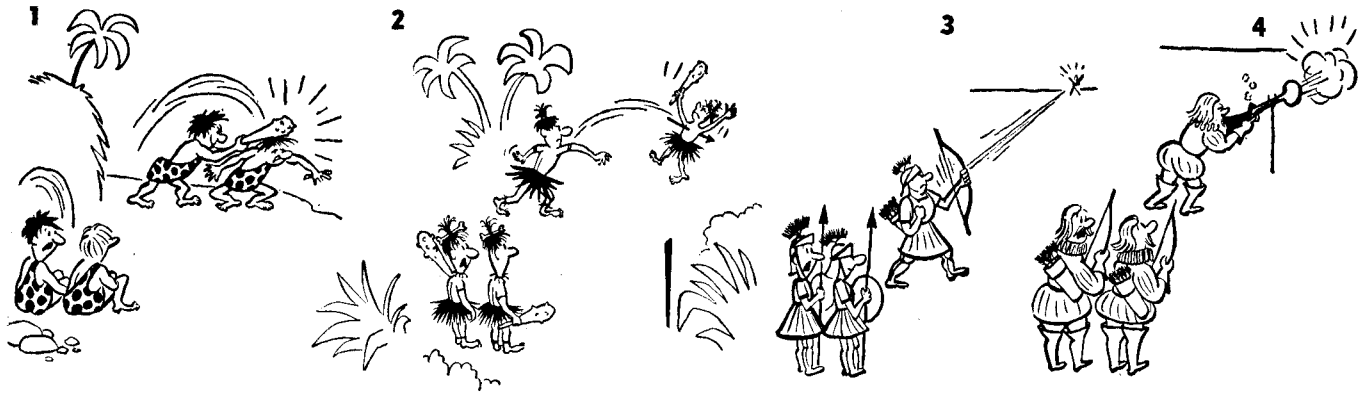
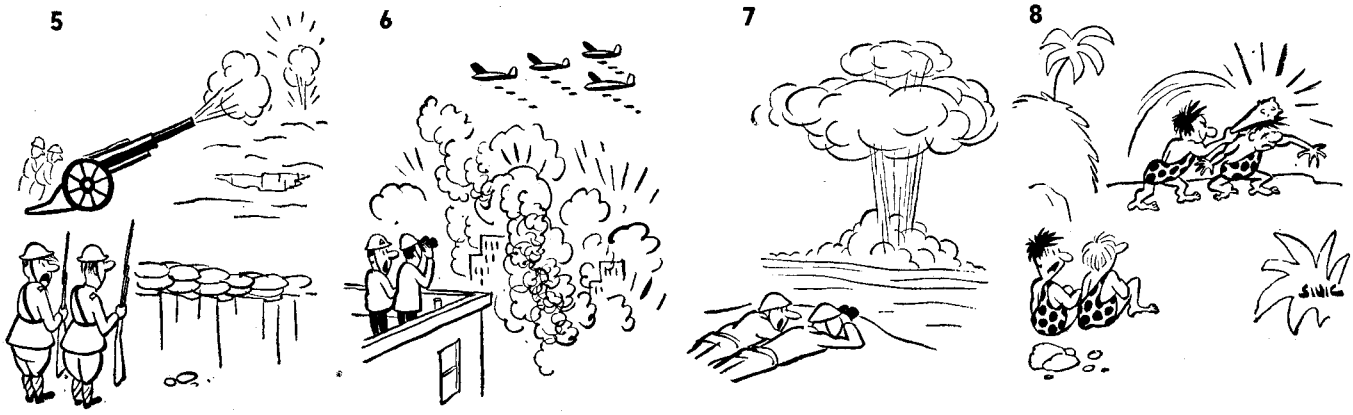


land when a standing army was a new institution that the law against military disobedience operated only for one year, and to this day has to be passed afresh by Parliament every year. There has never, since 1688, been any danger of a military tyranny in England. The Duke of Wellington hated the Reform Bill of 1832, but, though at the height of his power and fame, it never occurred to him to employ the army against Parliament; and if it had occurred to him not a man would have obeyed him. The same methods by which the civil government has preserved control over the armed forces in national states could be employed in an international state, provided that the necessary sentiments of loyalty to the central government existed. The creation of such sentiments would not be nearly as difficult as the creation of a world government. It may be conceded that the danger might remain as a remote possibility; but, since the alternative is the extinction of the human race, this slight risk would clearly be worth running.

WHAT should be the powers of the Central Authority? They should be such only as would be absolutely necessary for the prevention of war. In all other matters national sovereignty should remain unimpaired. In addition to the monopoly of armed force, the Central Authority would have to possess control over treaties between national states. No treaty should be valid until the Central Authority had sanctioned it. Moreover, the Central Authority should have the right to revise treaties if lapse of time had made them obsolete or unduly onerous to one party. I think the Central Authority should exercise some control over the distribution of raw materials in order to remove the temptation to imperialism (whether economic or political) which exists when important raw materials are found on the territory of a state which has not the technical capacity to utilize it. I do not think that the Central Authority should interfere with national immigration laws, since, if it attempted to do so, it would arouse an opposition which would probably destroy it. It should, however, attempt to raise the standard of life in the poorer countries of the world, since their envy of more prosperous nations might easily be an incentive to war. I think that in the course of time it should come to exercise a certain degree of control over education by discouraging virulent and disruptive forms of propaganda. It would have to be part of the constitution of the Central Authority that it had a right to raise revenue. Probably the simplest method would be an agreement to pass on to it a percentage of the national revenue of its constituent states. The Central Authority would also need a limited power to requisition land for bases and for military purposes. I do not think that any further powers need be granted to it, since these powers would suffice to make large-scale wars impossible.

The Central Government would of course be a Federal Authority with powers strictly defined by a written constitution. It might be found wise to make it a federation, not directly of national states, but of subordinate federations of states. These could be of approximately equal size, so that there would be no injustice in allowing an equal weight to each. Each subordinate federation should, if possible, itself decide matters concerning states both of which belong to it; only when it failed to do so should there be an appeal to the world federation.

The world federation should investigate every dispute between states belonging to different subordinate federations, and also between states belonging to the same subordinate federation, if that federation could not impose a solution. The world federa-



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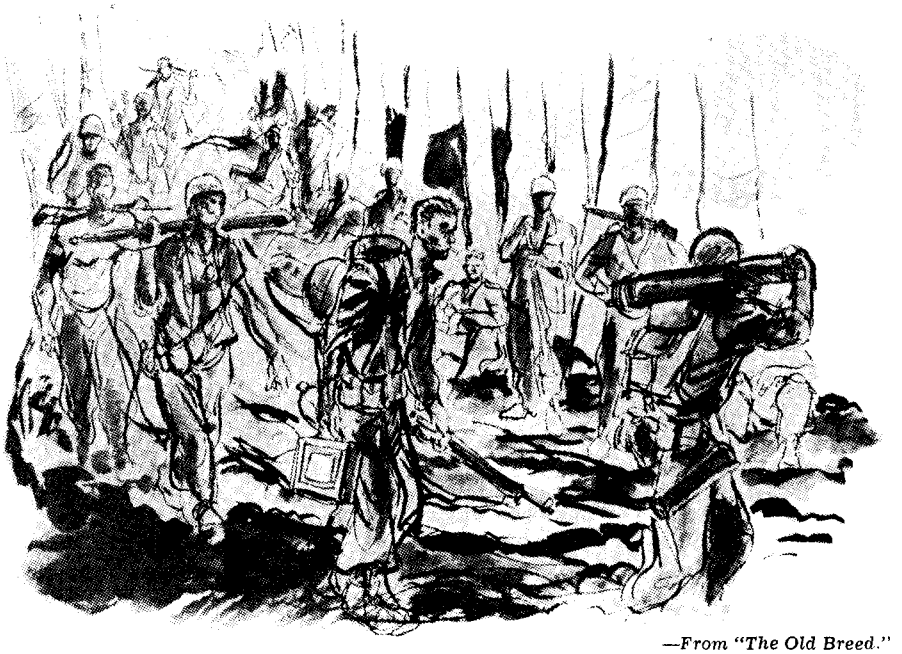
tion should make an award in every such dispute and should enforce obedience to its award by whatever methods might be necessary.

BUT all this at present is Utopian. There are many preliminary steps to be taken before anything of the sort becomes possible. Somehow or other world war has to be averted while these preliminary steps are being taken. How is this to be achieved?

The first step is to secure a diminution of mutual suspicion. I do not believe that either side at present desires to initiate a great war. Americans have declared repeatedly that they will not go to war except to repel aggression, and there is reason to think that the Soviet Government also is unwilling to embark upon aggressive war. But the American Government feels no confidence in the pacific intentions of the Soviet Government, and the Soviet Government feels no confidence in the pacific intentions of the American Government. If the tension is to be eased it is necessary, not only that neither side should intend aggressive war, but that each side should be persuaded that the other does not intend it. Each side is aware that a surprise attack in the style of Pearl Harbor could inflict appalling damage within a few hours. Military authorities in the United States do not conceal this fact, though I doubt whether it is generally realized in America. Malenkov himself has stated that a world war could only bring universal disaster. Nevertheless, on each side of the Iron Curtain there exists a vivid fear of a treacherous attack from the other side.

Since defense seems scarcely possible in the present state of military technique, the only counter-measures that either side can think of consist of an increase in offensive weapons and in the destructive power of sudden attack. Such measures inevitably increase mutual suspicion, and mutual suspicion makes the preservation of peace more difficult. Paradoxically, whatever increases the fear of war promotes measures and states of mind that make war more likely. Neither side dares to appear conciliatory for fear of being thought to show fear. Any sensible compromise which does not concede all that one party wants is condemned by that party as appeasement. The two sides are in the position of duelists in former times, neither of whom wished to be killed, but neither of whom could take the first step towards a reconciliation for fear of being thought a coward. We recognize nowadays that such behavior was folly on the part of individuals, but on the part of great

(*Continued on page* 38)



—*From "The Old Breed."*

"The perfect strategy is one that brings victory without bloodshed."

Master of Indirect Approach

"Strategy," by B. H. Liddell Hart *(Frederick A. Praeger. 420 pp. $5.95), is a backward glance at all military history, and especially that of World War II, which may well be the* chef d'oeuvre *of the most stimulating military critic of our time. Here it is reviewed by Gordon Harrison, military analyst on the staff of the* Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

WHOEVER studies the art of war either professionally or from the viewpoint of a citizen concerned with the policies of survival will readily recognize two Englishmen, J. F. C. Fuller and B. H. Liddell Hart, as the preeminent theoreticians of our time. Of these perhaps Major General Fuller is the more original; Captain Liddell Hart at once the more serious and the more popular. Through some thirty books of military history and theory Captain Liddell Hart has eloquently urged the professional to a more critical appreciation of his task and the general reader to a richer understanding of history. Liddell Hart's force has been both the strength of his convictions and his skill as a writer. His own writings and his critiques of others have consistently set forth an uncompromising point of view—the view of a man whose years of study and thought have been fired by something like the fervor of a crusader.

It was as inevitable that such a writer should have been read and judged as a prophet as that he should in time see himself in the same light and concern himself increasingly with his reputation. It is repeatedly remarked, for instance, that Liddell Hart's theories of the employment of armor decisively influenced General Heinz Guderian, the German exponent and commander of blitzkrieg. On the other side, Liddell Hart has been severely criticized for his prewar writings, which, it is said, exaggerated the power of the defense. In fact, one may doubt whether any writing man, however brilliant or indefatigable, can claim a great creative role in military operations. As the basic ideas of war are relatively few and simple, the effective military thinking in any age is less the product of new theory than of an adjustment of theory to existing means; such adjustments necessarily are made primarily by generals and heads of state.

This is not to deny Captain Liddell Hart's influence, which has been as considerable as that of any military commentator of this century. It is to say that his importance rests not on a schematic exposition of tactics

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and strategy but on insights forcefully presented and above all on his insistence on studying and debating the lessons of experience. He is not to be judged properly as an architect of war—only a Napoleon, an Alexander, a Jenghiz Khan can be so judged—but as a teacher.

HIS new book, "Strategy," in some sense is a major bid by Captain Liddell Hart for recognition as an architect and prophet. Self-conscious as a *chef d'oeuvre* and as vindication, it is a backward glance not only at all military history but at most of what its author has been saying for more than a quarter of a century. Its thesis is as stark and unitary as its title: that from the Greeks to the Soviets victory in battle and diplomacy has invariably crowned what Captain Liddell Hart calls the "indirect approach." Rhetorically, too, the book shuns subtlety, seeking to pile up all history as proof.

The object of strategy, Captain Liddell Hart argues, is to achieve national aims at the lowest possible cost. The perfect strategy therefore is one which brings victory without any bloodshed at all. In descending order, representing increasingly a failure of strategy—or, indeed, of intelligence—are the increasingly massive battles in which armies or nations have sought decision by the frontal opposition of brute force. A battle or war is decisive when the victor emerges relatively so much better off than the defeated that he can control the peace. The object of war, in short, is radically to alter the balance of power between the contending forces in order that the policy of one may prevail. Since the direct trial of strength generally enfeebles both sides, its usual consequence is either to postpone decision or award it by default to a third power capable of profiting from the weakness of the principals. The climactic big war or big battle, emotionally regarded as a "showdown," thus becomes mere bloody prelude to a truce in which both sides try to recoup their strength or to a period of drift in which power is reshuffled and new hostile alignments formed. Two world wars have strikingly illustrated the indecisiveness of efforts to crush the enemy. The first brought victory at such physical and moral cost as to leave the democracies helpless to preserve the peace. The second by creating a vacuum in Europe and Asia opened the way for Communist imperialism.

This broad strategic principle, which in effect argues the superiority of intelligence to brute strength for achieving intelligent ends, is not, of course, new. Yet Captain Liddell Hart is right in observing that it is a fundamental truth which both generals and nations have conscientiously ignored with results disastrous in the past and menacing for the future. At a time when the prospect of a duel with hydrogen bombs hangs darkly over civilization the warning that men cannot hope to save themselves by their capacity to bring on chaos has, indeed, the urgency that Captain Liddell Hart so evidently feels.

THE weakness of Captain Liddell Hart's argument lies in the extravagance of his dedication to it, which has led him to try to prove too much. The account of World War II, to which more than a third of the book is devoted, is notably oversimplified and unbalanced to fit the didactic framework. And the framework itself is distorted and weakened by being made to include too many disparate facts. A single strategic principle can be considered the universal secret of success in war only if it is set, as it were, at the apex of a series of generalizations and abstractions. At such distance from the facts of experience the principle becomes so broad and vague that it is of doubtful usefulness either as a key to history or as a guide to conduct. To say, for instance, that envelopment of armies on the battlefield and undermining the will to resist by psychological attack are equally manifestations of the "indirect approach" does not really help much to explain the fortunes of war. In the present situation the principle would argue against the employment of mass armies—unlikely anyway in view of the manpower imbalance between East and West—and against atomic bombing, at least of industrial targets. But what does it argue for?

It is not fair to ask that the author should blueprint a plan for victory. It is germane to criticize him for having so generalized the lessons of the past that the real complexity of both past and present runs out through the coarse mesh of his all-embracing system of truth. The ground on which Captain Liddell Hart has chosen to stand is as broad and elusive as any prophet's. Useful as it may seem to be to demonstrate his past prescience, it obscures rather than clarifies the insights he has so ably expressed before and in some degree reiterates here. Yet for all that, Captain Liddell Hart cannot write dully, and this book, like his earlier ones, bristles with challenge to the mind. He remains a writer whose value is quite as much his power to compel argument as to command assent.

THE AUTHOR: B. H. Liddell Hart, an ex-captain whom generals listen to, has an easier time detailing the strategies of wars fought over the last couple of millenniums than detailing the origins of his careers as a military historian, analyst, and theorist, all three of which he has followed almost since his teens. "The origins are a puzzle to myself," he admitted in Buckinghamshire the other day, as he spiritedly reviewed the main skirmishes of his life. "But from my boyhood I developed a keen interest in military affairs and used not only to play but to invent various types of war games. It was their tactical and strategical side that particularly appealed to me."

He went from war games to the real thing in 1914; he was commissioned, shipped to France, wounded, and gassed. By Nov. 11, 1918, he had laid the foundations for his reputation as a military thinker by evolving a technique called "battle drill." By the time he was twenty-four, in 1920, he rewrote the infantry training manual of the British Army, introducing, among other things, the "expanding torrent" method of attack. Those 1920 days saw the first of several controversies in which he figured, No. 1 being his advocacy of "the mechanization of armies, the development of armored forces and of airpower." His career is full of high points, as they say, and he has appraised many of them in his own typewritten "Outline of Memoirs." One heading, for example, is "Creating a Revolution in Warfare" ("lightning strokes by relatively small mechanized forces," which the Nazis later refined into the *blitzkrieg*), and it is followed by "Seeking an Antidote to My Own Conception" (he realized his technique was "ideal for a Continental power with aggressive aims—but did not suit our preservative policy"). At one time or another he has been the London *Times*'s military correspondent, military adviser to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and consultant to the Cabinet. All that education in military matters has led him to conclude: "If you wish for peace, understand war." —BERNARD KALB.

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Peace through Strength

"Strategy for the West," by Sir John Slessor *(William Morrow. 180 pp. $5), is a bold plan for the maintenance of peace between the West and the Iron Curtain countries by the former British Chief of Air Staff. Lindsay Rogers, our reviewer, is professor of public law at Columbia University.*

By Lindsay Rogers

WHEN as Prime Minister he was faced with demands for larger military and naval appropriations Lord Salisbury remarked that to theologians nothing seemed innocent; to physicians nothing seemed wholesome; and to soldiers nothing seemed safe. In "Strategy for the West" Sir John Slessor—until last year Chief of the Air Staff in Great Britain—confidently charts a perilous road to safety and assures his readers that the tolls paid to travel along it will be less prohibitive than the tolls on other less secure roads. Sir John's road is atomic weapons.

Five years ago Dr. Vannevar Bush (who is quoted with approval frequently on the modern arms we are going to get) was faintly optimistic in saying that if total war came again to the world it would be fast and furious, would cost millions of lives, would exhaust the accumulations of treasure for many years, but "it would not destroy civilization any more than the last two wars had destroyed civilization." Sir John disagrees, although he points out that Dr. Bush, who did not know about the hydrogen bomb, might not hold now to his former opinion. In Sir John's view war "would be general suicide and the end of civilization as we know it. Something, of course, would survive, but it would not be recognizable as a tolerably habitable world. We should sink back into another Dark Age." It is a recognition of this fact by the Soviet Union, as well as by the Western world, that gives him grounds for optimism.

Taking a leaf out of the writings *inter alia*, of the Cambridge historian Herbert Butterfield, Sir John says that no war can now avoid creating conditions more unfavorable than those sought to be corrected by resort to war. He hopes that the Americans have learned this lesson in the last "ten years." It was a lesson that should have been learned after the conclusion of the war in 1918. In any event, his view is that the Soviet Union has studied the lesson. With both the West and the East thus informed "no one will resort to war as an instrument of policy." It is conceivable, but unlikely, "that we might stumble into it by mistake or miscalculation." So long as the West maintains its atomic strength "total shooting war as we have known it twice in this generation is a thing of the past."

Now that the Russians have atomic and hydrogen bombs they still insist on proposing their abolition as a weapon of warfare as they began to do in 1946. Why? Because they would continue to have great superiority in ground forces. Nevertheless, the men in the Kremlin know that "as long as atomic air power (and the will on the part of the West to use it if necessary) exists" the Red Army can no longer be used for the "amiable purpose" of overrunning other countries without precipitating a "third world war of a kind in which Moscow could not possibly gain on balance, whatever the issue; therefore atomic air power must be eliminated. That is the policy—just as simple as that."

Marshal Sir John Slessor—"no war can avoid creating conditions more unfavorable than those to be corrected."

But now comes the terrible question. Assume that the restraint the Kremlin showed at the time of the Berlin blockade, and subsequently, does not continue; assume that some future Korean police action gets out of hand and "massive retaliation" is contemplated. Who is going to make the decision to bomb Russian counterparts of New York or Seattle, or Liverpool or Coventry? The idea is as old as strategy; what is new is the massiveness of the strength.

Sir John discusses at some length the military future of Germany. He does not think it important whether German contingents are in the European Defense Community or attached to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He realizes that the political arrangements for Europe must guarantee "that Germany never again be a military menace to her neighbors." This can be prevented if Great Britain and the United States show the proper determination. His concrete plan apparently chimes in with something that has been in Sir Winston Churchill's mind—an Eastern Locarno which would include the Soviet Union.

He reminds us of the Brussels Treaty of March 1948, which antedated NATO. That treaty pledged Great Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxemburg to mutual defense against external attack. He would have Germany, the United States, and Canada sign the treaty and then invite the Soviet Union, Poland, and Czechoslovakia to adhere. Allied forces would be withdrawn from Germany and the German Republic would give an undertaking not to build any fortifications, to destroy existing military airfields, and not to station any troops in Eastern Germany provided Russian forces withdrew behind the Russian frontier.

Then—here are "the teeth in it"—the United States and Great Britain would formally declare that in the event of aggression against one of the high contracting parties the military aid and assistance that they would give would "take the form of atomic air power."

The likelihood of the U.S. consenting to such an agreement is nil.

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Instinct of Freedom

"Men of Colditz," by P. R. Reid *(J. B. Lippincott. 287 pp. $3.95), continues the account, begun in the author's "The Colditz Story," of the attempts to escape made by British prisoners of war held in Germany's supposedly escape-proof prison during World War II.*

By Merle Miller

THE Nazis considered the castle at Colditz in Saxony escape-proof; almost all of the Allied prisoners there had been caught after at least one attempt to get away from another prison; the castle, which had been a lunatic asylum, was the Alcatraz for those soldiers captured by the Germans, and as such it was a failure.

Patrick Reid, now a farmer in Sussex, has already written the account of his own stay there, which ended with his dramatic leave-taking in November 1942. It was called "The Colditz Story" and is the best of the many escape stories of the last major war. "Men of Colditz," his new book, begins where the last ended; it has been pieced together from talks with the comrades Reid left behind. Nevertheless, it has the feel of experience.

There was, of course, a distillery at Colditz; there always is in PW camps. There was an illegal radio, also a standard fixture. Beyond that, the prisoners at Colditz showed far more imagination than most of those in more prosaic prisons. There was the scheme dreamed up by Mike Sinclair, an English redhead whose exploits earned him the title among the Germans of *Der Rote Fuchs,* the Red Fox. Sinclair bore a superficial resemblance to a German guard commander known as Franz Josef because he looked so much like the late emperor of Austria. After months of study, Mike, with the help of a couple of make-up artists, was an exact duplicate of the Guard. For instance, fourteen mustaches had to be discarded before one passed all the tests. When Mike and two phony German "goons" arrived at the front gate of Colditz demanding to be let out, only a heartbreaking coincidence prevented the plan from succeeding. After the German Franz Josef appeared on the scene, Mike Sinclair's disguise and manner were so perfect the other guards could not make up their minds which one to shoot.

As Mr. Reid tells it, the scene is genuine high comedy; there is a good deal of humor in "Men of Colditz." Captain D. J. (Jim) Rogers, a mining engineer from South Africa, was not one of the leaders in escape schemes, but he was essential to morale. "As a writer may use a true story for the basis of his novel, so Jim used the news . . . He was the Knight of the Silver Lining." He managed to make victories out of the fall of Singapore, the landing at Dieppe, and the British retreats in the Libyan desert.

By the summer of 1944, the situation was so desperate that men were leaping over forty-foot walls in broad daylight. That was when Tony Rolt, a lieutenant of the Rifle Brigade who had been an amateur auto racer, decided that a glider could be built which could take off from the roof of the castle and come to earth out of sight of the guards. The scheme was ridiculous, but by the fall of that year the glider was being constructed in a secret workshop. The take-off was scheduled for the spring of 1945.

By the time it was ready for use, the men of Colditz had been liberated by General Hodges's First Army. The total span of the completed glider from wing tip to wing tip was thirty-three feet, and there is every reason to believe it would have worked.

But that is not really the point. Mike Sinclair was killed in a final escape attempt only seven months before the castle was relieved and the prisoners freed. However, Mr. Reid writes, "That freedom would not have been of his own making, nor to his own liking. He had reached that stage in the humiliating mental struggle of a prisoner of noble stature when, to desist from trying and to await freedom at the hands of others, would seal his own future, scar his heart, and sear his soul. His duty would have remained unfulfilled."

That is the point of the "Men of Colditz."

—*Jacket design for "Men of Colditz."*

Colditz Castle—"Alcatraz for soldiers."

A Marshal's Faith

"The Memoirs of Marshal Mannerheim" *(translated by Count Eric Lewenhaupt. E. P. Dutton. 540 pp. $6.75), recounts the career of a distinguished Finnish soldier who fought on the battlefield and in the Presidency, to preserve the independence of his nation against the threats of Communist Russia and Nazi Germany.*

By Harry Gordon

THE active career of Baron Carl Gustav Mannerheim spanned a half century of conflict in which he played a leading role both as soldier and statesman. As an officer in the Czar's army he fought the Japanese in 1905, the Germans in 1914-1917. He witnessed and escaped the crumbling of the Russian empire in the Bolshevik revolution. He led the White Finnish army in the War of Liberation in 1918, which established Finland as an independent nation. Chosen regent at the conclusion, he presided over its constitutional birth and through the years between the two great wars tried to build its defenses. In 1939 he commanded Finland's heroic, hopeless stand against Soviet aggression. In 1941 he aligned Finnish forces—by necessity, he argues—with Hitler's, first to recapture the territory lost to the Russians but finally to lose it again. With the peace he took over briefly the Presidency of his truncated but still independent homeland. In 1946, his extraordinary vigor at length failing, he resigned and for five years lived in quiet contemplation of his long, turbulent, and distinguished career.

Something of an old man's calm satisfaction in the fulness of honor is reflected in his recently published "Memoirs." Yet the tale of a furious world gains rather than loses impact by the quiet telling. There is a kind of illuminating innocence in Mannerheim's dispassionate account of the greed, brutality, and lack of principle with which Germany and Russia played their games of power, using little Finland as one pawn. But the innocence is not wide-eyed; it is close to, though always distinct from, cynicism. As soldier and statesman Mannerheim lived with the facts of power politics. He wasted no moral energy deploring them, if, indeed, he was so inclined. He was himself quite patently an honest man and in general a fair one who kept faith with his people, his allies, and his enemies. Yet the bad faith of those

(*Continued on page* 33)

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COTTLE'S Pilgrim's Progress

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A POSTCARD from Bristol a year ago from some young kinfolk gave me thrilling news. "We've been Cottling," it exclaimed. "College Street is the prettiest row of houses in Bristol, but no plaque." I do think Bristol should by now have put a tablet at number 48. I love to imagine Joe Cottle, lively young bookseller in the High Street, who was told (late in 1794) that a group of enthusiasts were about to charter a ship—like those gorgeous early pages of "Treasure Island"—to sail pantisocracy to Susquehanna. It was somewhat a bump when, a few days later, he received a letter from one of the zealots (Coleridge) asking a loan. Not for ploughs and sesame-seed for the plantation; but £5 to catch up with the rent at 48 College Street, where they were lodging. This was the beginning of what Briggs (the cartoonist) used to call a Beautiful Friendship.

I said, two years ago, 1953 would be the centenary of delightful old Joe Cottle (1770-1853). Surely you remember that Cottle was the first encourager and subsidizer of some young poets who became famous; and one of the books he printed, "Lyrical Ballads" (1798), was probably the most radioactive in verse in the nineteenth century. I should know: in faraway Pennsylvania one hundred years later (the very country to whose broad-brimmed valleys those young schemers had planned emigration) I was raised in a pure dilution of Wordsworth and Coleridge. This was a benign virus, filterable through tissues of Matthew Arnold; and I had still gratefully remembered access to one of the noblest old men, Ellis Yarnall (1817-1905), who had been a personal friend and visitor of Wordsworth and the younger Coleridges. If I had been a little older than eight, and Mr. Yarnall a little younger than eighty, we might have communicated more largely. I often think what Notes and Queries we could have exchanged; but the sorriest of all frustrations are the questions one wasn't old enough to ask.

Years went on, and two books, both published in 1899, one by Mr. Yarnall ("Wordsworth and the Coleridges," Macmillan) and one by my ambitious teacher A. E. Hancock ("The French Revolution and the English Poets," Henry Holt) came me nudging in, long later, by the bony elbow of chance. And I learned in my own humble freakish way how important to me they were. Corn by corn, in my own pecking-order, I subsumed the nourishment of my own parliament of fowles. My education has always been by the deferred digestion of bird's crop. It took me a long time to see a joke. The comedy of old Joe Cottle, and the uproars of laughter spread about by Humphry Davy and his laughing gas (nitrous oxide) which was then the parlor game of Bristol society, came to me rather late. It seems a pity that one of the great items Cottle might have printed was Davy's "Researches Concerning Nitrous Oxide" (1800), a first-edition copy of which is at this moment offered by Scribner's for $125. See their wonderful catalogue 138, on "*Science and Thought,* 1490-1940." I am, incidentally, one of the few who realize that the shiny things in literature are most often learned in booksellers' catalogues.

BUT Cottle: he, the sedentary and self-denying young bookseller on High Street, should have guessed (by publishing verse of his own) poetry's slippery gift of going out of sight. These practical pioneers, about to go shipboard to Susquehanna (and to this day no one in England knows where that is), must have seemed to Cottle hardhanded and well-girded. It was trying when he had to buy (for cash) unwritten poems, and even the wedding ring, for Coleridge, who had been goaded into marrying the third sister in the Fricker suite. Instead of the romantic loading of the *Hispaniola* along Bristol docks here was Sammy-boy gone nuptial at Clevedon on a lee shore. Since I alluded to all this, two years ago, my own emissaries bought and sent to me Joe Cottle's famous (1837) "Reminiscences of Coleridge in Bristol." A two-guinea book, pardee, at Blackwell's (my own first boblisher). So let us hear poor Sam describe his honeymoon fury, at Clevedon, October 1795. He values his and Sara's delight in the rosegrown cot, with his portable aeolian harp, the TV of those days. But the things he desired were not anchors and hemp and tackle for the voyage to Susquehanna. Literature, and the love of same, is much more tangled up with life's poor agonies than you'd imagine. It's rather wonderful to remember that poor Cottle, escaping out of the book business after "Lyrical Ballads," accepted the value of his copyright in "Ancient Mariner" (probably the most precious poem in English) as exactly nothing. But here was what Coleridge appealed to Cottle from Clevedon. He sent a Sears Roebuck (or Aaron Montgomery Ward) of what they needed. I don't think anyone, not even lovers such as Stephen Potter or K. Coburn, ever took carbon paper to repeat faithful Joe Cottle's shopping list. These were what Sam and Sara, the day after the wedding, asked Mr. Cottle to procure:

> A riddle-slice; a candle-box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dustpan; one small tin tea kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one blower dredge;

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Perils of Milquetoast

"The Journal of Edwin Carp," by Richard Haydn *(Simon & Schuster. 242 pp. $3.50), chronicles part of the forty-second year of life of a Britisher one part Caspar Milquetoast, one-half part Walter Mitty, and several parts human male. Here it is reviewed by the author of "The World, the Flesh, and H. Allen Smith."*

By H. Allen Smith

THE PUBLISHERS of "The Journal of Edwin Carp" say they are willing to wager that Mr. Carp will become "something of a cult with the urbane." This reviewer is quite suburbane, yet he desires to apply for membership in any Carp cult that may spring into being. To date "The Journal" has been read three times at his house, once out loud.

Edwin Carp begins his diary on New Year's Day of 1936 and continues it through April 9 (with a concluding entry dated five months later). He is an Englishman, but he might very well live in Toledo, Ohio. There is a good deal of Caspar Milquetoast in him, a little of Walter Mitty, and a large portion of all of us who subscribe to the masculine gender.

Mr. Carp wears pince-nez with chain, carries his umbrella everywhere except to bed, has been betrothed to Mrs. Maude Phelps for nine years, and every single thing he undertakes in every waking moment of his life turns out wrong. He is unable to board a bus, go to the zoo, write an ode, get a haircut, plant a flower, or return a book to the library without getting into incredible (and vastly amusing) trouble. In many respects he is the quintessence of the Human Fool, but he is earnest, and he has Ideals, and in the face of a world that is one big booby trap he practises Self-Control. Every person with whom he comes in contact somehow manages to try the soul of Mr. Carp, but he seldom loses his temper beyond the point of hanging up the phone "with some force." As he moves steadily from one blunder to the next contretemps to the next embarrassment, the reader is almost certain to develop a wincing sympathy for him. There are times when the reader feels that Mr. Carp should go quietly into his little garden and shoot himself; but it wouldn't do—he'd miss and kill one of his neighbors.

Richard Haydn—"not an unfunny page."

Mr. Carp's writing style is a marvel in itself. It derives from a lifetime of traffic in sentimental verse, plus a daily "perusal" of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." He reads the "Britannica" in bed at night and on February 13 we find him deep in Mus to Ozon, Vol. 16, at which point he skips "Obstetrics" and discovers "with a certain interest that Oconomowoc is a city in Waukesha County, Wisconsin, USA, that it is served by the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Pacific Rlwy., that its population in 1920 was 3,301 and that its name is an Indian word which is said to mean 'home of the beaver'."

There are women in Mr. Carp's life other than the Widow Phelps. There is his "dear Mother," who forgets things and enjoys startling hallucinations; there is the lady boarder who pretends to walk in her sleep; and there is even little Ursy Monks, "who can cross her eyes further than anyone in her year." The assorted women are all bidgy and unyielding, yet Mr. Carp sees through to the good in them although the reader may have difficulty following him.

Mr. Carp, of course, didn't really write his journal. It was set down by Richard Haydn, who is, of all things, a movie actor. Mr. Haydn has a big job ahead of him. He must abandon acting for good and devote himself in the future to a continuation of The Journal. There is not an unfunny page.

—Harcourt.

Kikou Yamata—"a strange story."

Japanese Bovary

"Lady of Beauty," by Kikou Yamata *(translated by Katherine Woods. John Day Co. 192 pp. $3), probes the complex nature of a Japanese lady whose considerable physical attractions bring her only unhappiness. Here it is reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett, author of "Popcorn on the Ginza" and other books.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

A STRANGE story indeed is Kikou Yamata's "Lady of Beauty." In a foreword Pearl Buck goes to pains to impress upon the reader the necessity of approaching it with a receptive mind. To enjoy its peculiar quality will take not only a mind prepared to accept an intensely subjective tale about a character as wholly foreign to us as a Japanese, but also one that is ready to enjoy the detached sensation that this off-beat tale evokes.

Essentially it is the story of the physical and spiritual breakdown of a Nipponese lady as her very private, very precious isolation is assaulted by a series of incidents and revelations. It begins with the suicide of the night watchman at her seaside villa, "found hanged one morning, his body still warm"; the man's loss, for which she feels somehow responsible, is the first disruption of the fragile pattern of her life.

The author, Kikou Yamata, is half Japanese and half French. In feeling, the book is half Japanese, half French. Very French indeed is the cloying preoccupation of Hobuko Hiyashi, the lady of beauty, with each aspect and development of her own emotions. Very Japanese is the physical vacuum,

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in which the lady of beauty is maintained as the pampered wife of a wealthy man, and which she tries unsuccessfully to keep inviolate. "Accustomed all her life to the privilege of rank, wealth, and beauty, she tended naturally, and most powerfully, toward withdrawal."

HERE is a mixed-up character, ripe for the analyst. On one hand, an exquisite and virtually immobile creature in the classic Japanese concept of a high-born lady, imprisoned within tradition, a sensitive aficionado of the ancient Nô play ("She sought these concrete affirmations of beauty because so many things in her life as a woman had to remain passive"); on the other, a frustrated sportswoman finding an outlet for an almost masculine compulsion to dominate in fencing, in pacing the beach with her pack of Alsatians, in pitting her strength against the frightening force of the breakers.

The events threatening her sense of security come in quick succession. Mr. Hiyashi spends most of his domestic hours in a "second house," and small wonder—the lady of beauty, with her carefully vacant stare, her haughty manners, her ironic smiles and delicate jibes, would have driven a far stauncher husband than Mr. Hiyashi into the arms of a geisha. The realization of her rival's solid position and the suspicion that Mr. Hiyashi favors his "second son" over her own are painful for the lady of beauty to accept. The time is World War II and the daily increasing impositions of austerity living contribute, also, to dissolving Mrs. Hiyashi's heretofore protected world.

The lady of beauty is a spoiled, introverted, sexually frustrated woman preoccupied with herself; her problems would be found commonplace by any psychiatrist. She is a Roman Catholic but not a very good one—before she permits the priest to visit her as she lies dying she has run through a couple of quack healers, a magician, and a teacher of the Nô dance, seeking reassurance of one sort or another from each, and finding it in none. Even the priest is gently renounced during the lady of beauty's last hours. Spiritually and emotionally the poor woman is really just a shell, yet with sufficient personality for Hiyashi to be disquieted by her memory.

Despite this rather deprecating report on Mrs. Hiyashi's character the book has its own special charm. The willing reader is quickly caught and held by the persistent focus on the details of the lady of beauty's daily life. To follow the story through is to be transported by a sort of mental Yogi into an unbelievable world that happens to have been very real indeed, and to be left, at the end, oddly relaxed and somewhat bemused.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

STILL MORE DISTAFF SIDERS

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, submits the names of twenty British women writers and a list of book titles. You are asked, in each instance, to match the title to the non-writing name and to supply the name under which each writer writes. Eight correct identifications can be regarded as good, nine as highly commendable, and ten or better as distinctly admirable. Answers on page 41.

1.	Mrs. Arthur T. McGrath	( ) "To the Moment of Triumph"
2.	Mrs. Allan Bourne Webb	( ) "Kiss Me Again, Stranger"
3.	Countess of Huntingdon	( ) "The Singer Not the Song"
4.	Mrs. Geoffrey L. Castle	( ) "The Tiger in the Smoke"
5.	Mrs. John Eldred Howard	( ) "A Name to Conjure With"
6.	Mrs. James Haynes-Dixon	( ) "Kingfishers Catch Fire"
7.	Mrs. Marshall Dill, Jr.	( ) "The Meaning of Treason"
8.	Mrs. J. Ronald McCrindle	( ) "Spring's Green Shadow"
9.	Mrs. A. E. Forbes Dennis	( ) "Search After Sunrise"
10.	Mrs. Arthur E. N. Jordan	( ) "Invitation to Folly"
11.	Mrs. George E. G. Catlin	( ) "Islands in the Sun"
12.	Mrs. Dudley Gordon Leslie	( ) "The Gentle Powers"
13.	Mrs. Guy Patterson Chapman	( ) "The Easter Party"
14.	Mrs. George Ronald Rougier	( ) "The Brontë Story"
15.	Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews	( ) "Lise Lillywhite"
16.	Mrs. Philip Youngman Carter	( ) "The Green Man"
17.	Mrs. Harold George Nicolson	( ) "The Challenge"
18.	Mrs. Leon Donckier De Donceel	( ) "Letty Landon"
19.	Lady Frederick A. M. Browning	( ) "The Village"
20.	Mrs. Geoffrey Lisle Holdsworth	( ) "Cotillion"

Reluctant Girl-Chief

"Devices and Desires," by E. Arnot Robertson *(Macmillan. 229 pp. $3.50), is the story of a thirteen-year-old waif named Hebe, whom history in its curious way obliged to become a heroine as leader of a group of DP's in the backwash of World War II.*

By Ann F. Wolfe

IN ITS own inverted way, mediocrity is a maker of history. To escape its dull facelessness, men have sought power, wealth, fame—whatever would set them apart from their fellows. It was just the opposite with Hebe, heroine of E. Arnot Robertson's new novel, "Devices and Desires." A small, undernourished refugee from history, she longed for nothing so much as mediocrity, safe bourgeois mediocrity. What drove her on in her furtive, violence-plagued life was the ideal of respectability as embodied in a conventional boarding school in England and a snug little family cafe in France.

By the time Hebe was thirteen she had helped her father in clandestine expeditions in Europe, the West Indies, and South America. She had been eight when she last had a home, desperately remembered as the Good Place in England. Now, on a dark Bulgarian hillside, her father lay dead, killed by chance in crossfire between border police and Greek guerillas. She would have to take over leadership of the little refugee band that her father had been smuggling to Salonika.

Hebe's four charges were DP's who, cast up in the backwash of World War II, lived in dread not only of government authorities but of refugee organizations that might send them back where they least wanted to go. Old and young, they followed the preternaturally wise child for whom survival was a matter of quickness in filching a crust, catching a stray turtle or dodging a suspicious shepherd. She was as feral in her wariness as the fierce Vlach dogs that stalked the countryside. Cadging and skulking, she found for her flock temporary shelter in a rude Macedonian farmhouse. The problem then was to get them to take to the roads again. After so many hardships, they were content to stay on.

Thanks to Macedonian treachery, three of Hebe's charges died violent deaths. She deserted the fourth when UNRRA food distributors threatened to turn the pair over to a refugee organization. In Athens, miraculously,

(*Continued on page* 32)

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America's Finest Hours

"Call to Greatness," by Adlai E. Stevenson *(Harper. 110 pp. $2.25), offers in book form the three Godkin Lectures the 1952 Democratic Presidential nominee delivered at Harvard last March. James T. Shotwell, who reviews it below, is professor emeritus of history at Columbia University and president emeritus of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

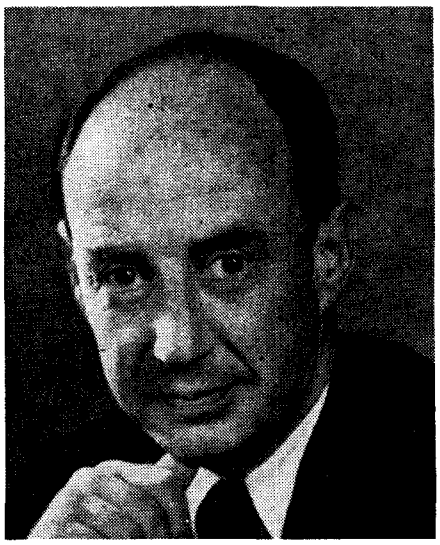
By James T. Shotwell

IT GOES without saying that Adlai E. Stevenson's "Call to Greatness" is an important book, both because of the distinction of the author and of its forthright statements on the major issues of the world crisis of today. The "call to greatness" is a challenge to intelligence; it is not a theme laid down at the opening of the discussion, to be embroidered by rhetoric, as in the tradition of political pamphleteering. It is not even mentioned in the body of the book, but is the final conclusion to which the thoughtful reader is led by the survey of inescapable realities. The clue to it all is set forth soberly in the closing paragraph of the book:

"America's life story is the record of a marvelous growth of body, mind, and character. Now at maturity we shoulder the heaviest burdens of greatness, for in the last analysis the epic struggle for our civilization, for government by consent of the governed, will be determined by what Americans are capable of. In bearing burdens, in ennobling new duties of citizenship, is the greatness of men and nations measured, not in pomp and circumstance."

The volume, not a large one, is based upon the Godkin lectures which Mr. Stevenson delivered at Harvard University in March 1954, under the title of "A Troubled World." It consists of three essays: "Ordeal of the Mid-Century," "Perpetual Peril," and "America's Burden." The first essay "uncovers some of the roots and origins of this troubled age"; the second one presents the "tense scene at mid-century dominated by two immense facts. The first is the revolution of rising expectations and the new political independence of masses of awakening peoples. The second is the constant overhanging threat of aggressive nationalism to national independence and to our concepts of political freedom and individualism which we have taken for granted so long." It is against this background that the third essay outlines the strategy of peace and safety for America. "The great issue that splits the world in this troubled age, the issue of tyranny or freedom, cannot be reconciled. But need it be forced to a decision? It seems to me the problem is not to find ways to live in harmony with the adversary; it is to find ways to live beside him in the bitter discord of incessant power and ideological competition. . . . Some of our problems probably can't be solved at all. Our choice is to let him assuage or exacerbate. Emotion in matters of national security is no substitute for intelligence, nor rigidity for prudence. To act coolly, intelligently, and prudently in perilous circumstances is the test of a man or nation."

THIS warning against impatience in action and disillusionment when things do not go our way is driven home by a reminder of the capacity for greater patience in negotiation of European nations, "especially the Communist ones," experienced in the long and tortuous history of diplomacy. In the tough business of international bargaining the nation that is in a hurry may be kept waiting by an opponent, in the expectation of better terms. But the patient nation must also be strong, not only in itself but in its alliances. "Intolerant power respects power, not weakness. It is imperative therefore to build and better the balance of power. Conspiracy and incitement prosper in disunion and discontent. It is imperative therefore to build and better the unity and well being of the free world. . . . And here we encounter our greatest danger and our final task. A coalition built on expedient reaction to the common danger will not stand, because the Sino-Soviet alliance has the power to blow hot and cold like Boreas and Phoebus in the fable; it has the power to relax or increase the tension as it sees fit. But our coalition cannot live by fits and starts; it must rest on an enduring community of interest. And successful communal relations mean give and take, cooperation, accommodation—a decent respect for the opinions of others. Our coalition is a partnership, not a dictatorship."



—*Karsh.*

Adlai Stevenson—"comfort, inspiration."

The technique of diplomacy is important and its guiding principles in the confused and uncertain world of today are indicated with sufficient clarity. But after all it is the political and economic forces which determine the nature of the diplomatic game, and it is these fundamentals with which the book really deals. Diplomacy is blind unless one knows what the opposing party thinks as well as what resources it commands. It was to ascertain some of these vital factors in world affairs that Adlai Stevenson traveled around the world in 1953, visiting thirty countries "along the free side of the Iron Curtain from Seoul to Berlin . . . to attempt to defrost a tiny segment of the opaque window through which we see others and others see us."

It would be a work of higher criticism to attempt to appraise the effect of this journey upon the subject matter of this volume. Most of it is at least in line with Mr. Stevenson's outlook as set forth in his political speeches of the previous year. But there is a wealth of detail, closely fitted together and welded by those effective epigrams which were already so noted in his style of speech and writing. If one might risk a guess, the emphasis upon the historical background of Soviet expansion tracing it back to Russian imperialism might have gained some of its significance from the long frontiers skirted from

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India to Eastern Europe. In any case, this is a very telling section of the book, for it implies a political rather than Communist interpretation of the glacierlike movement of Slavic power over Northern Asia and Eastern Europe. Nowhere is this advanced as a theory of history; but the statesman whose business it is to understand such matters is put on his guard.

IT IS always an ungracious thing to ask from a book of pronounced excellence, like this one, something more than space or time permitted the author. But it might have helped our understanding of the nature of the crisis of today if there had been a little more on the nature of the industrial revolution which has remade the Western world and is now remaking Asia. It is not merely to be measured by the shortening of distances and the changes in industrial life. It means a shift of base from repetitive, unchanging economy to one that is forever changing and will go on forever remaking the conditions of life. Only that society will endure which can best adjust itself to this dynamism of the world of science. And that opens a doorway to the future which lies beyond the scope of this study of the world today. For the capacity to endure will be measured not by the monolithic bureaucracies of Communism but by the freedom of the mind. Whatever happens in the drama of today, the future lies with freedom.

From this digression, which the volume more or less takes for granted, we turn to the closing section, built on the same theme:

"America's greatest contribution to human society has come not from her wealth or weapons or ambitions, but from her ideas; from the moral sentiments of human liberty and human welfare embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. We must cling to these truths, for these are everlasting and universal aspirations. In the words of Lincoln: 'It was not the mere separation of the colonies from the motherland, but the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country but hope to all the world. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and all should have an equal chance.' Throughout its history, America has given hope, comfort, and inspiration to freedom's cause in all lands. The reservoir of good will and respect for America was not built up by American arms or intrigue; it was built upon our deep dedication to the cause of human liberty and human welfare."

Sagamore Hill—"unbelievably noisy . . . hikes . . . picnics . . . the ultimate test of war."

Nest of the Bull Moose

"The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill," by Hermann Hagedorn *(Macmillan. 435 pp. $5), is a nostalgic re-creation of the life of Teddy and his clan at Oyster Bay in the more innocent decades of this century. John M. Blum is associate professor of history at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and associate editor of "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt."*

By John M. Blum

SAGAMORE HILL, one Chinese visitor remarked, had an excellent *feng shuey*, an unusual hospitality to good spirits. This Hermann Hagedorn also believes. His book "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill" is the story "of a man and his wife, the house they loved and the six children they brought up in it"; it gives three cheers and a tiger for the Oyster Bay Roosevelts and their family home, now—largely because of Mr. Hagedorn's efforts—open to visitors as a national shrine. Like the house, this book about it is intended to provide a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt and, one suspects, to the relatively unencumbered America he knew.

Some of the best of Mr. Hagedorn's story has been told before in the reminiscences—among others—of Corinne Robinson, Alice Longworth, Ike Hoover, and Nicholas Roosevelt, in the published letters of Theodore Roosevelt—especially those to his children—and in Roosevelt's autobiography, still the most revealing volume about his extraordinary life. The author, with unashamed sentimentality, with uncritical adulation, with a zest befitting his subjects, has brought all the previous accounts together and supplemented them with an unrivaled stock of anecdotes. Not once, but again and again he celebrates with the Roosevelts on Christmas and the Fourth of July—always at Sagamore unbelievably noisy; joins them in pillow fights at the White House; returns with them to Sagamore for hikes across difficult country and picnics bountifully endowed with mosquitoes big as bats; listens to each child lisp, helps name their countless animals, attends their debuts and weddings, watches each boy march off to school, to college, to the hunt, at last to put "body, mind, and spirit to the ultimate test of war."

This is a kind of American "Cavalcade," lacking Victoria, to be sure, but endowed with the sometimes overwhelming presence of the President who "lived naturally," as Henry

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Adams once observed, "in restless agitation." Here at last rescued from obscurity, Edith Roosevelt joins her husband in the great adventure they made of life—"the best of wives and mothers, the wisest manager of the household, . . . the ideal great lady and mistress of the White House." Devoted parents, they built, as Mr. Hagedorn makes clear, a wholesome home replete with fun and love.

MR. HAGEDORN counts mostly sunny hours. Both Theodore and Edith Roosevelt were often less generous in assessing their children than he suggests. Properly impressed with Roosevelt as a father, Mr. Hagedorn, as always, finds no fault with him as a public man. Never questioning Roosevelt's written word, incredulous of the historical scholarship of the last thirty years, he disinters a beguiling folklore. He also distorts, selecting, for example, from all of Roosevelt's labor record to discuss one episode in which the President vigorously opposed the unions. He does Roosevelt an injustice by reducing all he taught to simple moral lessons. And he romanticizes, describing diplomacy as one might a contest at the Olympic Games, reporting reveries no man could have recorded. In his last chapters, based upon his "Bugle That Awoke America," Mr. Hagedorn spoils Roosevelt's significant case for preparedness by again indulging their common spites and again condoning the Colonel's hyperbolic chauvinism.

In the season of jazz and aspirin and Fitzgerald, Mr. Hagedorn's "Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" furnished younger brothers of the flappers with a useful biographical homily on Victorian virtues and the manly life. Now, in a time when troubled men have on occasion made homiletics a substitute for statecraft, Mr. Hagedorn has written a "Boys' Life" for adults. Doubtless the author will again command a considerable audience—the Book-of-the-Month Club has already seen to that. He will also entertain them, for he has done for the Roosevelt family what Consuelo Vanderbilt did for herself. To some he may convey the message of strenuosity and uplift he reads in Roosevelt. But, just as Roosevelt had much more than that to say, there needs now to be heard rather less of moralizing and more of talking sound sense.

"Nonsense, Wiggins, I gave *you* the camera."

Vox Diaboli

"The Treason of the People," by Ferdinand Lundberg *(Harper. 370 pp. $4.50), argues that the trouble with democracy is the nature of the people themselves. Here it is reviewed by Sidney Hyman of the* Washington Post and Times-Herald *and author of "The American Presidency."*

By Sidney Hyman

THE aim of Ferdinand Lundberg's troubled and troubling book, "The Treason of the People," is two-fold. One is to state the terms of the ideal in democratic government. The other is to gauge how far that ideal has been realized in the formidable world of reality, not by government officials, but by the citizenry as a collective body. For as Mr. Lundberg says, government officials most of the time do no more than implement "the going values of the average man."

In Mr. Lundberg's appraisal of those going values, the citizenry sometimes appears as a rimless bit of nothing, which might have been something, but is now not worth the powder to blow the confection to kingdom come. Otherwise—and this is for the greater part—the citizenry appears to him as a collection of nasty and indolent brutes whose capacity for social action goes no farther than a bite into the jugular vein of fellow brutes. The vision of things seen in this light necessarily orients Mr. Lundberg's thoughts toward disaster. So he proceeds to hold the citizenry guilty as charged on a criminal count of treason.

Mr. Lundberg writes: "The people as a whole—not some particular group—have to a very large and demonstrable extent betrayed the broad conception of the common good that is integral to the democratic philosophy." Again: "The public as a whole—and this means the electorate—is infantile always accepting a minority . . . And that the American destiny is to a very considerable extent in the hands of this infantile electorate, which fritters away a large part of its substance while humanly serious projects are delayed or starved, is a sobering fact to contemplate." Nor is this all. "So great is this flaw . . . that it is somewhat doubtful whether what little we already have attained of democracy can long endure, much less evolve toward greater perfection." And finally: "People as presently constituted just are not up to the democratic idea which envisions the choice of able leaders and popular support of them."

To justify these conclusions Mr

(*Continued on page 37*)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Lioness of Letters

***"Colette: A Provincial in Paris," by Margaret Crosland** (British Book Centre. 282 pp. $3.50), is a biography of the distinguished French writer who died on August 3.*

By Rosemary C. Benet

IT IS hard to believe that Colette is dead, that her amazing vitality and zest for life have gone. That instead of *Colette, c'est un phénomène,* we must use the past tense and say she *was* a phenomenon. At eighty-one she was still a legend! Her admirers trooped to the Palais Royal to catch a glimpse of her sitting in a wheelchair in the sun, vigorous and vital in spite of her years and her ailments. Margaret Crosland's biography, "Colette: A Provincial in Paris," written while she was alive, by a woman fifty years younger than she, reflects the spell she could still cast, and has an added poignancy because of her death.

Any biographer of Colette must start with one tremendous disadvantage. The author's approach to this is disarming, because she admits the difficulty freely at the start. In an author's note she says, "Madame Colette has often said that it is unnecessary to write books about her, for all her life is already described in her own books." She reinforces that statement by quoting the Secretary of the Academy Goncourt (of which Colette was the first woman member), who recently reminded Miss Crosland, "All her life is in her books and she has told it better than anybody else can."

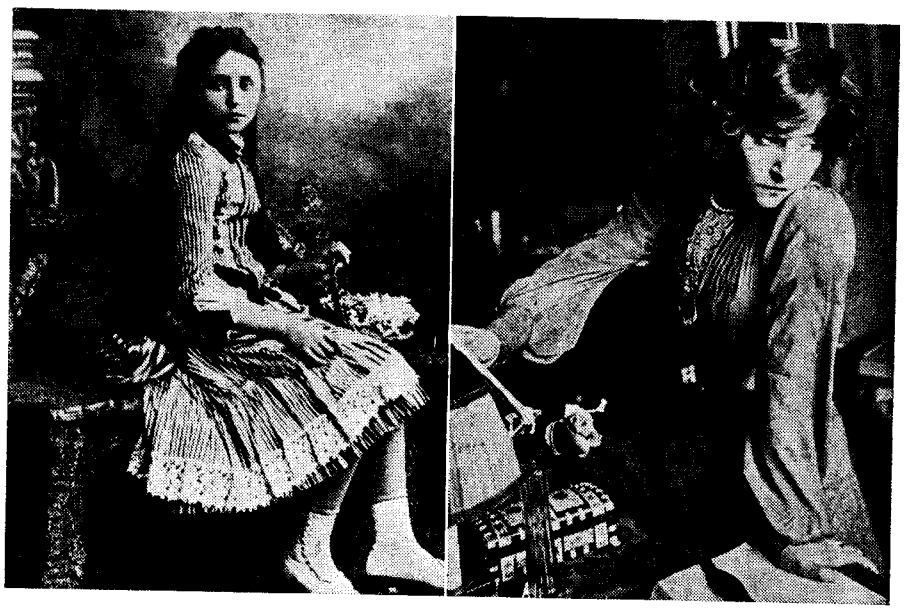
That last is the catch. Her writing method was "to use autobiographical material as a peg on which to hang a beautiful style," and she did just that superbly. Who better could describe her childhood? She herself has done it in detail, with immense nostalgia and savor. Born in 1872, in a little town in Burgundy, Saint-Sauveur-en-Puisaye, Sidonie Gabrielle Colette—as she was then—has left us an unforgettable picture of that time and place. (As the subtitle here indicates, she was "a provincial in Paris"; she never quite lost her rolling Burgundian accent.) Her remarkable mother Sido, the inspiration of three of Colette's best books, emerges as a superb, colorful figure. So does Papa, Jules Joseph Colette, a typical meridional, a dashing Zouave, a fiery romantic, who provided her name and some good family stories. Miss Crosland re-creates this period very sensibly, by quoting largely from Colette's own frank reminiscences, notably "La Maison de Claudine," and then filling in the gaps with the factual material, names and dates, necessary for a biography.

The story of Colette's emotional life is more difficult. It was as colorful as one of her own novels, and much more baffling, since she is given to clarity in depicting character; and the values here are less certain, the waters troubled. What about Willy, or Henry Gauthiers-Villars, her first husband? Was he a villain? "This infuriating man"—a sort of Svengali, who locked her in her room and forced her to write so many pages a day, and then signed the immensely popular "Claudine" series with his own name, until the "collaboration" was exposed? Or was he a somewhat pathetic figure, older than his attractive, temperamental wife, a critic, a would-be worldly sophisticate, who recognized her ability and pushed her on to her career? It still is not quite clear here. Possibly now, after Colette's death, certain reticences may go and this whole relationship made clearer. Her other two marriages, to Henry de Jouvenal, an ambitious editor and diplomat, and the father of her only child, a daughter, and to her last husband, Maurice de Goudeket, younger than she, congenial, who gave her devoted care for many years, are well described. And she was always busy leading her own life. In addition to the writing, there was a fairly rowdy period when she tried life on the stage and in music halls. "She was doomed to notoriety all her life," says her biographer, but this was before the dignified old age, as a literary figure, acclaimed by Proust and Gide, and the recipient of many honors.

THERE are photographs here, giving a visual reality to our mental picture. They show the fine catlike eyes, for which she was famous. When she was young she had an "unusual, triangular face and a slim, sad elegance." During the "Claudine" period she wore a characteristic Claudine get-up that set a fashion. D'Annunzio called her, appropriately, "Madame et Fée." Even in her old age she looked like a superb, small lioness. Miss Crosland describes her subject thus, saying that instead of a "terrifying figure" she found "a small, fragile person with the enchanting eyes and the warm rich voice that prefers asking questions rather than answering them."

There are various appraisals and interpretations of the work, with which one may or may not agree. That is unimportant. We agree in admiration, whether or not we rank "Cheri" below or above "Sido" or "La Naissance du Jour" or "La Maison de Claudine."

This is a good biography, an account of an extraordinary life and career, of one of the great artists of our time, a biography made more interesting and timely by the unhappy event of Colette's death.



Colette at seven and thirty-seven—"c'est un phénomène." —*From "Colette."*

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Pop Was a Pill

"Father's Footsteps," by Damon Runyon, Jr. *(Random House. 181 pp. $2.95), chronicles the curious relationship of the Herodotus of the Mindy set with his only son. Lee Rogow, who reviews it here, has been around Mindy's some himself.*

By Lee Rogow

THERE is a restaurant on Broadway that Damon Runyon called Mindy's. It is distinguished among restaurants by the magnitude of the strawberries on its shortcake, by the fabled wealth and independence of its waiters, by the excellence of its food and drink, and by the circumstance that it is patronized by the Broadway bunch. Recently I visited again among its verdant salads, its pungent pastrami, its fumed fish, and I got, as they say on the street, a new kind of message from certain denizens of this restaurant. I think I felt this way because I had just read "Father's Footsteps," the fascinating and extraordinary memoir written by Damon Runyon, Jr., about his famous father.

"Father's Footsteps" is a frank and shocking account of the family that Damon Runyon left behind. It appears that Runyon, Sr., was in his youth a tosspot who renounced the grape so that he might marry one of the nice girls of the town where he worked as a journeyman journalist. Essentially a cold and detached human being with a compelling itch for money and success, Runyon separated himself from his family soon after they moved to New York. Runyon's first wife became a dipsomaniac who died in degradation and despair. Runyon's daughter had a breakdown and entered a mental institution. Runyon's son, the author of this book, was an alcoholic for seven years, and found his painful way back to reality through Alcoholics Anonymous.

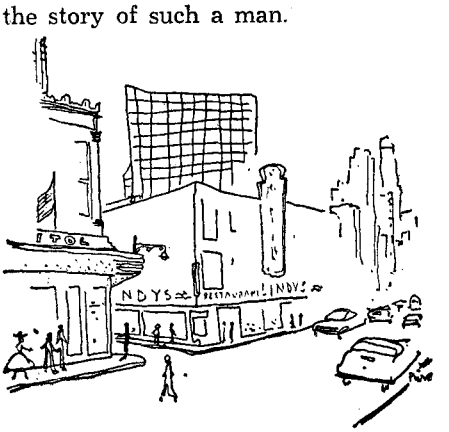
For a long time there was almost no communication between Runyon and his son. In the later years, when Runyon was dying of cancer, and his larynx and trachea had been removed, a few letters passed between the man and his son, who was now working as a newspaperman in Cincinnati.

The tone of these last letters is not much more than offhand. Runyon was the least demonstrative of men, and it is plain that he was deeply disappointed in his errant son. This impression is reinforced by the facts of the disposition of Runyon's sizable estate, in which the son was so completely ignored that he was forced to reimburse Runyon's second wife for the use of the letters in this book and to purchase for about $100 the few small items he wished to retain as keepsakes of his father. Casual as the correspondence was, this was the first bridging of the gulf which had separated the two from the earliest years. By this time, of course, it was far too late for any real warmth to be generated between them, if indeed it were possible for Runyon to contribute to such warmth. Yet the boy appears to have cherished the relationship, even in his resentment, and clung hungrily to it. When Runyon's life ended in a wasting sickness, the son and the people who had clustered around Runyon's eminence found themselves in sordid warfare over his remains and his final funeral requests.

THIS is not a pretty story. It is colored throughout by the author's memory scars that reach back through a bitter lifetime, scars that cannot be healed simply because the father who inflicted them is dead. It is, however, an enormously engrossing story, written with admirable clarity and courage.

Out of this harsh record emerge two noteworthy impressions. The first is a pertinent image of Runyon, Sr., which relates to the character of the narrator who spoke his entertaining yarns. It seems that there was a reason far beyond mere literary convenience which caused the storyteller to be cast as a detached observer who just watched the play.

The second is a dismaying image of the success-hungry citizens of Broadway, these men with the terrible need to be "around." Because they live so much of their lives on the street, they wind up with no homes to go home to, and they sit around with each other, giving each other nothing but envy and companionship. They are admirably equipped, many of them, to make their way in this high-pressure corner of the world, but because they are eager for so much that is base, they frequently end up with so little that is basic. "Father's Footsteps" is the story of such a man.



Mata Hari 1861

"Rebel Rose," by Ishbel Ross *(Harper. 294 pp. $4), is the biography of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, perhaps the most glamorous and certainly the most dangerous woman spy in the service of the American Confederacy. Below it is reviewed by James D. Horan, assistant city editor of the* New York Journal-American *and author of "Confederate Agent," an account of Civil War espionage.*

By James D. Horan

BEFORE General Irvin McDowell led his men out of Washington on July 16, 1861, with three days' supplies in their haversacks and high hopes in their hearts of whipping the Rebel Army, a pretty young Maryland girl named Betty Duvall rode out of Washington on a bouncing market cart by way of the Chain Bridge, disguised as a country girl in calico and sunbonnet. There were no guards, and the hurrying soldiers scarcely gave the wagon a second glance. Once in Virginia, Betty "called on friends," who gave her a fine hunter, and she was soon soaring over the rail fences bound for Fairfax County Courthouse.

Her destination was the picket outpost commanded by General Milledge L. Bonham, the South Carolina Congressman. Betty galloped up to his tent, cried that she was carrying a message for General Beauregard, then at Manassas Junction with twenty thousand men, and was admitted into General Bonham's presence.

Hollywood could never duplicate the next scene. Assured that the message would be forwarded on to Beauregard, Betty took a "tucking comb" from her hair to let down what Bonham was later to recall as "the most beautiful roll of hair I have ever seen."

A small square of silk, big as a silver dollar, fell to Bonham's camp table. Betty ripped it open and handed the message to the general. In a few minutes a fast rider was pounding down the road to Beauregard, who rushed the message to Jefferson Davis, along with a request for reinforcements. Davis acted quickly and Beauregard "deployed his forces advantageously behind the banks of Bull Run Creek and planted his batteries strategically for defense."

The message which Betty Duvall had delivered contained General McDowell's marching orders. It had been sent, as Beauregard later recalled, by

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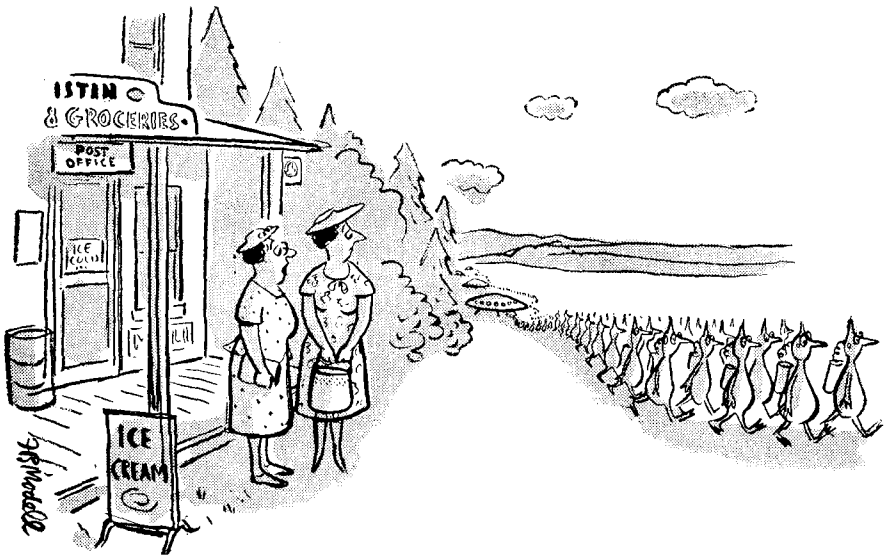

"It looks as if the summer people are beginning to pour in already."

a lady who "lived in a house within rifle range of the White House."

The lady was Rose O'Neal Greenhow, the aristocratic, gaunt beauty, probably the most dangerous woman in the Confederacy and the subject of Ishbel Ross's fine new biography, "Rebel Rose." Called the "Wild Rose" by her friends, Rose was queen bee of the Rebel spy ring in Washington, and her beautiful white house was the gathering point for the handsome widows, Government clerks, couriers, and disloyal citizens who formed Colonel Thomas Jordan's ring which stretched from Washington to New Orleans, with links touching Paris, London, and Liverpool. The ring was finally smashed by Allen Pinkerton, who had peered into Mrs. Greenhow's living room as he stood on the shoulders of one of his operatives in a driving rain. Pinkerton arrested Mrs. Greenhow, but not before he had chased a suspect in stocking feet and was himself arrested by mistake.

Mrs. Greenhow's house was turned into a prison for herself and her female spies. Later she and her young daughter were imprisoned in the infamous Old Capitol Prison. But even in prison the Wild Rose carried on her espionage, smuggling two important messages out of her cell in one day, one involving the Army, the other bearing on the Navy.

BEFORE the relieved prison officials saw Rose off to Richmond, her papers had persuaded Pinkerton that the irresistably seductive Southern beauty had been trading "the sweets of love for the secrets of war." Among them were the famous H letters, now in the National Archives, which may or may not have been sent by Senator Henry Wilson, later Vice President of the United States. These torrid love notes were only signed by H.

I must take issue with Miss Ross's statement that the Pinkerton operative Price Lewis, captured in Richmond, had "talked" to escape the gallows. In later life Lewis wrote his memoirs, which it has been my privilege to read. Documented and hard not to believe, they disclose that Lewis escaped the gallows by a ruse and not by "talking." His partner, John Scully, talked, sending Timothy Webster, the other Pinkerton spy, to the gallows, but not Lewis.

Rose left Richmond to be received at Napoleon's court and by London's Mayfair. In the fall of 1864 she died as melodramatically as she lived. The ship on which she was running the blockade ran aground in a howling storm, and Rose tried to make the beach in a rowboat. A wave overturned the boat and Rose was drowned.

Mrs. Greenhow is no stranger to Civil War students, amateur or professional. She has appeared in anthologies of women who played daring roles in American history, and in regional historical journals, notably Colonel Louis A. Sigaud's "Mrs. Greenhow and the Rebel Spy Ring," published in the *Maryland Historical Magazine* in the fall of 1946.

The author, who did her research both here and abroad, must have been disappointed at the scarcity of fresh material on her subject. Her extensive investigation hasn't unearthed anything particularly new, and at times one feels her book is slightly padded.

However, this is the first full-length biography of Mrs. Greenhow, which has been badly needed. The author has done a superb job of tracing the life and times of this melodramatic but dangerous woman who rightfully considered Manassas something of a personal triumph.

Madame Poison

"Lucrezia Borgia," by Joan Haslip *(Bobbs-Merrill. 279 pp. $3.50), tells the story of a Renaissance Italian clan of poisoners, torturers, extortionists, masters of vice, and particularly of an innocent-eyed but willing pawn of the family. Leo Gershoy, who reviews it here, is visiting professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

By Leo Gershoy

INDIFFERENT to the labors of biographers and historians, the legend of the Borgias persists: the mythology of the domineering Cardinal Rodrigo, who became Pope Alexander VI; of the arrogant son Cesare who, for a few years, was the hope and the blight of Italy; of the perverse nymph Lucrezia, who loved and feared father and son and was a pawn, now resigned, now willing, of their intrigues and plots—all remain in the popular mind superior to reality. They are still the symbols of all that was evil in the fabulously immoral age of the Renaissance—poisoners, torturers, extortionists, debauchees, monsters of depravity, masters of every vice, natural and unnatural.

Yet nobody, not even one of the Borgias, could possibly have been that inhuman, and it is the outstanding merit of "Lucrezia Borgia," Joan Haslip's fascinating and documented reconstruction of their story, that in showing them human she sacrifices nothing of the passion, the frenzy, or the pageantry of the lives which were so inextricably woven into the fabric of Italian history during the last decade of the fifteenth century.

Her study is both more and less than a biography of the wanton Lucrezia; more, because it fuses her personal career with the larger account of Italian, even international politics; less, because the deeds and the plans of Rodrigo and Cesare, as well as a host of minor figures, crowd the stage. Their disputes and wars, their betrayals and treacheries, their blind lust and passions and jealousies are the stuff of Miss Haslip's pages. Nor is the account complete. For while it ends with the death of Alexander VI and the collapse of Cesare's grandiose dream of becoming the ruler of a united peninsula, it carries Lucrezia's story not to its chronological end, but to a happy ending, her third marriage, to the Duke of Ferrara. Occasionally, too,

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The Saturday Review

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Are Crackpot Patriots Aiding the Communists?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Bradford Smith, author and educator, whose books include "Captain John Smith," "Bradford of Plymouth," and "Americans from Japan."*

NOT long ago a doctor in a small New England town began to notice suspicious behavior in his patients. They read books he didn't approve. They criticized the Republican Party. Soon it was apparent to him that everyone in town except himself was a Communist—including the attendants who came and took him away.

This case is not unique. We may be approaching a situation similar to the madness which led men to destroy newspaper presses, burn down buildings, and murder the leaders of the fight against slavery a hundred years ago. The one thing we don't want to do is to become so weakened by suspicion and hatred that Communism can easily take over.

Communism does present a real threat to our liberties, to our very existence as a nation. Yet the fiendish nature of the danger is that if we are careless or inexpert in coping with it we can lose to it.

Can we lick the Communist threat while preserving and strengthening our great tradition of freedom? I think so. Faith and reason say that we can combat Communism without destroying ourselves.

Unhappily, the anti-Communist campaign seems to have attracted a number of the mentally ill into its orbit. People who think they thrive on hate now believe they enjoy public sanction. People with hidden aggressions know they can now get away with conduct society would otherwise not tolerate.

A young woman who somehow or other fails to attract a mate and cannot get on with her co-workers begins to read some of the anti-liberal hate literature now readily available in this cradle of freedom. She is a person no one has ever paid any attention to before. But, when she begins to call some of the town's most prominent citizens Communist, people begin to notice her. She thrives on the attention. The fact that she damages reputations without a shred of evidence means nothing to her. For she has been hungry for attention all her life.

A man who has retired into the country, soured and crippled in his mind, collects firearms as a hobby, threatens to shoot his neighbor's dog, posts his land, and begins a campaign against the U.N. because he claims it has Communists in it and is therefore a Red outfit!

At the moment we can still recognize such behavior as abnormal. But normality is purely statistical. The abnormal becomes normal when enough people get to acting that way. During periods of aberration it was considered abnormal not to believe in the aberration.

How can we keep the serious business of uncovering and forestalling Communist subversion from being twisted and colored by the fanatic and the crackpot? How can we prevent the loss of our traditional freedoms? How can we recover our sanity and self-confidence?

One answer comes from Vermont, which has always stood up for the rights of the individual. Vermonters have always been on guard against any form of totalitarianism. So what went on there when a Grand Jury was called to investigate Communism is worth pondering. The Jury was drawn at the request of the United States Attorney General. When it met the United States District Judge Ernest Gibson, former Governor of Vermont and a war veteran, explained to the jury what Communism is. Then he reminded them that in its origin the Grand Jury had been established to protect individuals from oppression by a ruler.

"This country can only be kept free and strong if freedom of speech is protected to the hilt," said Ernest Gibson. "People in this country must not be afraid to express minority views because somebody in a position of eminence may holler 'You are a Communist'." The Judge then told the Jury to listen to whatever evidence was brought in, and reminded them that it was their duty to investigate and to brand as erroneous any charges which proved unfounded.

After three months the Jury reported: "Special consideration was given to the existence of Communists and Communist activity in Vermont. No evidence was presented which seemed to require further investigation by us. It was felt that the situation in Vermont is well understood by the FBI and is properly handled by that Bureau."

THERE was one way to supplant hysteria with common sense, though unfortunately it does not make front-page headlines. Here are some others:

1. At the Federal level, let the President appoint an overall Government Investigating Board charged with full investigation of Communism, with representation from the Attorney General's office, the FBI, the security boards. Any Congressmen who wish to report suspects could then do so to this board instead of using their own time as investigators—a task for which they are not professionally equipped. Congressmen are not elected to spend their time as amateur Dick Tracys. The Investigating Board, instead of crucifying innocent people in the press, would make serious, informed investigations. It would make frequent reports to the President, and the White House would issue to the press all information which could be issued without slandering the innocent or putting the guilty on their guard. Cases could thus be competently developed for prosecution. Those against whom real evidence was found would

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get a fair trial. The innocent would no longer be smeared.

2. By newspaper, radio, film, and every means of communication, let us make sure that Americans know what a Communist is, and what the difference is between being a Communist and thinking independently. Let us report those who follow the Party line, but support the independent thinker in his right to free speech.

3. Encourage every sort of voluntary association from the local level on up. (Obviously, this does not include the Communist Party, whose structure is anything but voluntary.) Ever since Pilgrim days we have been forming voluntary groups through which to govern or improve ourselves. The Pilgrims began it with the Mayflower Compact. Since then there have been the Sons of Liberty, who sparked the Revolution, the Abolition Societies, the movement which brought about woman suffrage. The whole settlement of our country from the earliest days depended upon voluntary group action. The wilderness was settled by groups who often signed a formal compact or constitution before leaving home, who moved together across the plains in covered wagons, and who set up vigilance committees where there was no law or government.

This freedom of association is the backbone of American democracy, the secret of our strength. It is being killed off by irresponsible investigating committees. Americans are now afraid to join organizations, for who knows what organization will next be labeled Red?

If we kill off the enthusiasm, the genius for forming such groups, we will have killed the America we know. There are no voluntary associations in Russia. If, on the other hand, we encourage all kinds of discussion groups, welfare groups, labor, farm, professional, and industry groups, we keep the blood coursing through the veins of our political body. We keep ourselves strong to resist any political disease. We encourage local action and thus prevent topheavy centralized bureaucracy.

Organizations eager to help preserve American democracy can best do so by using their facilities to raise standards of health, education, culture, or recreation. Yet one of the major veteran's organizations has just announced its intention of using the whole membership in a Communist hunt. The dangers are obvious. How much better if it had gone to work on driver training for youngsters, a cooperative housing program for veterans, a campaign against intolerance, or a variety of programs to foster local positive values of the community and in bolstering the economic-social base of democracy.

4. A community which is fully aware of the problem can take care of some of its attention-seekers at least by finding positive outlets for their energies. Admittedly, they are often hard to work with. But often they possess real talents. With skill and patience, these talents can be used. If they can write, they can be put to work on publicity for local charity affairs. They may make good air spotters, ticket sellers, campaigners. Most of them desperately need to feel that they belong. It is up to the community to draw them in.

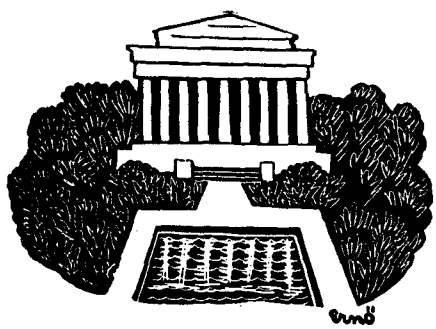
ONE reason why fear and suspicion rule our minds is that the dangers we read of largely concern people and organizations we do not know, and have no way of checking personally. It is natural to fear the unknown. But if trouble strikes close by, the traditional American method of voluntary group action is able to deal with it.

In my home town some self-appointed book burners removed from the schools a book which had been approved by the State Board of Education. They were never able to say what they objected to in it, nor would they name the "impartial review board" to which they claimed to have sent it.

A special meeting of the school district was called. More people came out than had ever before been seen at a public meeting. They roundly condemned the removal of the book and demanded assurances that nothing of the sort would happen again. Even those who may have been misled by irresponsible book-banning in Washington know what to do when the issue strikes home.

If we want freedom, we must work for it through voluntary associations, as we have organized to meet every other crisis in our national existence. Meanwhile the world is watching us, and it is our job to see that we are watched not out of fear but hope.

—BRADFORD SMITH.



Bookmarks

SOME weeks ago, in an unguarded moment, we besought readers to hunt around for the longest word in English composed of two letters. Since then we have been swamped with stuff dredged up from the bottom of the dictionary. Elmer Rice's submission of *alala* (ancient Greek war cry), *seesee* (small sand partridge of India), *wawwaw* (West Indian yam), and *arara* (macaw—familiar to crossworders) is typical, though we imagine that sometimes a week will go by without any one of them getting worked into a conversation in Stamford, Connecticut. Joseph L. Blau of New York came up with the most ingenious bit of trove: *reerrer,* one who sins a second time (as who doesn't?). But Mr. Blau concedes that this is "an illegitimate doubleton," and Webster backs him up by not letting it in. Mr. Blau was one of nineteen correspondents who offered *deeded.* The others were M. G. Barney of Center Harbor, New Hampshire; Carl R. Partanen of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Harry Ober of Brookline, Massachusetts; Mrs. Gerald A. Baxter of Lexington, Massachusetts; Ethel Stein, David A. Randall, and Theodore W. Knauth of New York; Dr. Harry W. Hazard of Princeton, New Jersey; Mary Ann Morrin of Cleveland, Ohio; L. Werner of Evanston, Illinois: Charles M. Dyer, also of Evanston; Elizabeth F. Johnson of Rock Hill, South Carolina; Percy Wedlake of St. Petersburg, Florida; Dr. J. C. Rivers of Paducah, Kentucky; Ted Long of Salt Lake City, Utah; Miriam Allen de Ford of San Francisco; Adena Joy of Berkeley, California, and S. B. Townes of Lanikai, Hawai. So we'll settle for *deeded* as the longest two-letter word likely to get into plain ordinary talk. Thanks, everybody. Contest over.

* * *

Presidents and Cabinet members sometimes make major addresses, but apparently not even third assistant superintendents of secondary highway repairs ever make minor addresses.

* * *

Why do so many newsmen, both on the air and in type, identify an individual as "presently minister to Patagonia"? What's wrong with "now minister to Patagonia"? What's wrong with "minister to Patagonia"?

* * *

The more mediums of communication we develop the less we seem to have to communicate. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"LITTLE MAN ON A HORSE"

FOLLOWING THE APPEARANCE of Joseph Krutch's "Is the Common Man Too Common?" [*SR* Jan. 10, 1953], I began to make a small nuisance of myself among the members of the staff of our junior high school, contributing to the already crowded mail boxes of teachers with scarce time to pause during the day to read a magazine article, but who, I knew, would find it absorbing. Summer will spare them that intrusion now, though "Little Man on a Horse" [*SR* July 24] is a piece that I would delight to thrust upon them. For Krutch gives voice and lucidity to many ideas about which many teachers have been buzzing ineffectually for a long time.

"Acceptance by the group" is a term familiar to every teacher. The desire for acceptance, or recognition as an individual, is a natural thing and rarely needs nurture. It is not to be confused with "popularity"; it is the opposite of rejection. The skills by which it is achieved are manners, and few people will argue that its achievement is not desirable. Yet often this acceptance and its meaning are perverted by ignorance and stupidity. It is confused with conformity and regimentation; it is made a weapon in the continuous attrition on freedom and individuality of which so many of our institutions are guilty. Any teacher who is concerned with "the kind of human beings we seem to want to produce" should read Krutch's article. In its vigorous argument for individualism it is, whether consciously or not, a powerful argument for the kind of liberalized education which many intelligent educators are trying to promote. Krutch deplores the kind of school or nursery wherein "if you don't want to finger paint when the others do, that is just too bad." This and other observations that follow are a deft thrust at the regimented, formalized kind of instruction that so many are trying to sustain these days.

If educators will embrace those principles of "modern" education which promote individuality and expel those leveling, normalizing features which destroy it, they will have gone a long way toward serving the primary function of education in a democracy.

DAVID GRAY GARDNER.

Encino, Calif.

EVILS OF ADJUSTMENT

IN HIS ADMIRABLE EDITORIAL "Little Man on a Horse" [*SR* July 24] Joseph Wood Krutch has expressed far better than I could have a conviction that has long been boiling within me; namely, that the basic evil of our times can be summed up in one word—Adjustment. For an adult to insist that a child adjust to his age-group is an attempt—not always successful, thank God—to prevent the necessity for such suicide by destroying a mind still in the making, handing over his soul for socialization by the group when he is too young to know the meaning or the implications of that subversive word. We "condition" him against intimations of individuality by depriving him not only of his hobbyhorse, as Krutch relates, but of that precious solitude which transforms the hobbyhorse into the winged Pegasus. We banish from the nursery the age-old myths and fairy stories through which heroes and seers speak to the child.

Whenever I hear anyone rhapsodize over adjustment to society, I am restrained only by cowardice from asking, "Doesn't that mean that if that society builds a concentration camp in our backyard, we are to smirk smugly, and say that the breeze never blows from that direction?" If I ever get up the courage to ask that question of anyone who has the courage to give it an honest answer, that answer will be "Yes."

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I never could lick these Roman numerals. How much is XXVI plus CLXXIV?"

PRESBYOPIA AND THE HEARINGS

PROFESSIONAL SEMANTICS and an honest desire to set the record straight compels me to offer two corrections to Goodman Ace's paragraph on "mass myopia" of the Army-McCarthy hearings [*SR* July 17]. The gentlemen listed, although they would be the very last to admit it, are in the age group which suffers from presbyopia, not myopia. (Presbyopia: Long sight, impairment of vision due to advancing age.) The spectacles which correct presbyopia were undoubtedly what "popped all over the place" when documents needed deciphering. For viewing a map at some distance the glasses then needed may or may not have been to correct myopia (short-sightedness). Further, an optician, competent or otherwise, would be helpless to avoid the mess unless there were also an ophthalmologist to prescribe the proper lenses. But I shall certainly agree with Mr. Ace's description of the hearings as a mess.

M. W. FRIEDMAN, M.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

SURVIVAL OF "SUNG"

WHEN JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH and H. C. Robbins Landon wrote [*SR* July 24] "he (or she) sung," instead of ". . . sang," they were being less ungrammatical than Warren Meinhardt assumes. (LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SR* August 7.) The Concise Oxford Dictionary, fourth edition (1952), gives "*sang* or, now rare, sung." It also gives "*rang*, now rarely rung" and "*swung* or rarely *swang*." In Old English the u-form was the regular preterite plural for verbs of that class: he sang, we sungun. In some verbs, like sting and wring, the u-form has prevailed: and, in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries "he sung" was actually the usual form.

GERARD C. A. VANNECK.

Jamaica, N. Y.

TEACHERS FOR TELEVISION

I STRENUOUSLY OBJECT to the phrase "those few teachers who have the power to lift the minds and hearts of children" in Raymond H. Wittcoff's article "Television Without Commercials" [*SR* July 17].

I think directors of educational television programs would have a difficult task to choose from the many, many splendid teachers who could be found to inspire and educate our children.

MARCELLINE MCGRATH.

Boston, Mass.

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Standards of Acting

By JOHN F. WHARTON

THERE are more than ten thousand plays written every year, but a producer's most difficult problem is to find one he wants to produce. There are many more than ten thousand members of Actors Equity Association, but his second most difficult problem is to cast the play to his satisfaction. This second problem arises, in part, from differences of opinion on what constitutes good or bad acting. The average playgoer is unaware of these differences of opinion and would be hard put to it to find their root, if he cared to search for it.

There are probably not ten books on acting which are worth the trouble of reading. Unfortunately, several of these are by Russian authors or deal with the Russian theatre, and in our modern Land of the Free one would rightly be timid about asking for these, lest the librarian or book clerk prove to be a Congressional Committee spy or informer. "The Fervent Years," by Harold Clurman, is free of this taint and contains much of value. Louis Calvert's book, "Problems of an Actor," if you can find it, is probably the simplest and most entertaining statement of the subject.

Any good book on acting will raise the age-old question of Esthetics: who sets the standards of good and bad?

The absence of a simple yardstick of value is further complicated by the point of view of the person expressing the judgment.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago a play opened on Broadway with one of the most famous stars of the time in the leading role. This particular star had great personal charm and also a veritable carload of tricks which could be pulled out of the hat to amuse the audience when the lines of the script sagged a bit. All of these tricks *were* pulled out on opening night.

The star was what the profession calls a "critics' pet." No one was surprised, therefore, when the reviews spoke slightingly of the play (which probably wasn't very good) but opined that the star's magnificent performance made it an enjoyable evening. Such was the star's popularity that this was enough to bring about a brisk box-office demand.

Shortly, thereafter, I happened to meet the distinguished theatre student and playwright Arthur Richman, and I asked him what he thought of the production. He hesitated a bit, for he was a friend of the author of the play in question, then replied, "Not a very good play, possibly a very bad one. Just how bad I cannot say, because it is saved by an even worse performance."

How could Mr. Richman say that a very bad performance could save a play? He was combining three different viewpoints:

1.) As a student of the theatre, I have come to believe in certain standards of good and bad, and the performance was very bad by those standards.

2.) As a playwright, I desire actors and actresses who can convey to the audience the playwright's concept of his characters. A performance full of tricks which have no relevance to the character portrayed is an insult to the author of this play.

3.) I realize, however, that the public who pay cash (and also the critics, who do not) have different standards. Therefore, a performance which is bad by my standards, or by the author's, may be excellent according to theirs, and hence bring customers to the box-office.

WHAT are the audience standards? Simply this. The audience wants the performance to have an emotional impact on them; it may be via tragedy, or comedy, or mere thrill, they care not. So long as they feel that impact strongly enough, they will declare the production a fine play with fine acting, and they would not care a hoot if the overall impression were exactly the opposite from what the playwright had intended. And if the playwright does not like this, for all they care, he can go and lump it, which he usually does rather gracefully after royalty checks of $2,500 begin to come in each week.

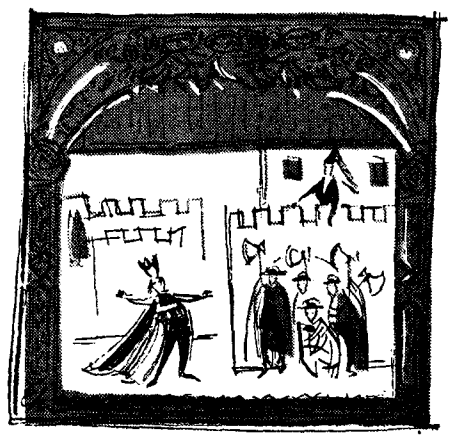
The producer is the man who is really in the middle. Every producer I have known quite honestly wants his productions to bring out the values of the script. However, he is quite aware that if these are projected by actors who are technically efficient but leave the audience cold as ice, the playwright (and the producer) will be at their unhappiest. Better a bagful of tricks than this disaster. So what actors should he seek?

I have used the phrase "technically efficient," and had better stop for a moment to try to make clear what I mean by this.

All professional theatre people—playwrights, producers, directors, and actors—will agree that an actor cannot be called a professional unless he or she has certain basic qualifications of efficiency. An actor should have complete muscular control of his body, or at least sufficient control to permit him to move any member gracefully and simply; Mr. Calvert insists that he must know, above all, how to control the use of his eyes. He should be able to project his voice, whether shouting or whispering, without exhibiting any muscular strain on his larynx; a really great actor, such as Richard Bennett, could also place his voice in any register. He should certainly be able to make an audience believe that he is listening, *for the first time*, to every speech another actor makes to him. Above all, he must be able to make the same gestures and movements and use the same inflections, night after night; this is where the amateur collapses utterly.

THE foregoing are supposedly minimums; they are, so to speak, what playing scales is to the concert pianist—something which he must certainly know how to do, and practise all his career. However, the mastery of these minimums and also of certain higher elements of technique, which make an actor technically skilful, will not make him a great or even a very good artist. Technique is simply the kit of tools that the artist needs in order to project a creative interpretation, which is the ultimate aim. If I read Mr. Calvert and the other authorities correctly, they all feel that the realization of this aim comes from a combination of talent, which cannot be taught, and technical skill, which can be.

Unfortunately, there are quite regularly seen on Broadway actors and actresses who either never learned their scales or haven't practised them for a long time. Now and then it is a



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pretty young girl whose mere appearance causes the audience's vitality to stir. Sometimes these charm girls elicit praise even from the supposedly hardened critics, but few indeed have a career after the first bloom is off. Actors are sometimes hired because they seem physically made for the role; these can really be a thorn in the flesh of the director. I remember a play a long time ago where Alfred Lunt, as director, was struggling with such an actor, who later became quite a personality in a non-theatrical career. "Believe me," he said, "that man actually does not know how to take his behind off his feet and put it on a chair." The most common failing is inability to listen. If you care to look for them, you will constantly find actors and actresses who are obviously paying no attention to the sense of a speech made to them, but are merely waiting for their cues.

THE actor who gives playwrights, producers, and directors the greatest headaches is "the ham." A ham actor may or may not know his scales; if he does, he is a greater headache; his vice is that he will disregard any requirement of naturalness in his part in order to gain personal attention. He, or she, will grimace, strut, roll his eyes, twist his body, or use any one of a hundred ways to attract audience notice; and frequently very successfully—he may draw belly laughs where another actor will hardly draw a chuckle. When he is successful, he may rightly ask why there should be any complaint.

The usual answer is that such overplaying ruins the effect of the play as a whole. From the modern playwright's view this is conclusive. However, the problem is not so simple. Theatre conventions change from age to age; in the modern theatre there is a general striving for realism and naturalness which makes the ham actor offensive to the serious playwright and producer. However, there have been periods when there was no such striving, and I have been told that there is little of it in the French theatre today. In such a theatre the tricks of the ham can become the earmark of the great star. Mr. Calvert, in his book, tactfully points out that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, by our standards, would be the greatest ham actor alive. He also raises the question whether audiences, even today, would not get more enjoyment from vehicles written for such actors. But that is beyond the scope of this article.

Howard Lindsay, who has written, directed, produced, and acted in a staggeringly larger number of successful plays than people commonly remember, once summed the matter up to me in this way:

> There are two kinds of actors and actresses; the kind audiences care about and the kind they don't care about. It's like Maggie Tolliver's description of charm: it's something that if you have it nothing else matters, and if you don't, nothing else matters. Very, very rarely, although it can happen, will there be an actor or actress who can make an audience care, unless the performance is based on minimum technical efficiency, but the highest degree of technical skill will not alone make an audience care. Hence, the most important qualification for a part in any of my plays is the ability to make the audience care.

The "personality performance," which captivates an audience despite glaring lapses in technique, is probably the most confusing force in arguments about good and bad acting. I have seen playwrights, directors, and producers become emotionally overstrained because they could not see this confusion. I can recall a star who unquestionably conveyed to audiences the very essence of the character he was portraying and who was attracting capacity audiences, yet he would indulge in whispered personal gossip while another character was speaking. Arguments used to rage over whether he was a good or bad actor. Obviously, on the whole, he was good for that play, but you couldn't call his performance good by any esthetic standards.

Well then, you may say, the producer's problem isn't so difficult after all. He merely has to find actors of high technical skill who can make audiences care about them. The technical skill will bring out the values of the script and the other quality will produce the emotional impact.

Quite true, but just how many of such creatures do you think there are around at any one time? The description just given is one that fits, not the good actors, but the really great ones. Even these cannot be counted on to produce the necessary impact in every style of play. Every star in the modern theatre has had his or her failures. It is doubtful if there is any single star today who can be counted on to attract an audience in the way Maude Adams or Richard Mansfield could. One team of stars, Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne, seem to be impregnable against complete failure; I think it is generally conceded that, in addition to their personalities, they have the highest technical skill of any acting pair alive today. It would be lovely if every production could have two Lunts in it; unfortunately, there are only two.

And so, I beg you, when you next read a savage and contemptuous review, remember that the art of writing and producing a play, and the art of acting so as to project those values, are not simple black-and-white problems, and the perfect solution is never just around the corner. Above all, remember that, as in all matters of opinion, one man's meat is another's poison. So don't be scared off a play by even your favorite critic's denunciation of an acting performance; that very performance may give you the emotional thrill of your life.

brown roses

By Luke E. Zilles

Slowly the garden sweetens as it dies
and closes with the closing of the year:
through leaves the somber moment of damp fire
undoes the herb of smoke, the heather spice

of summer, sweeter with its scented spire,
its thatch and chimneys than old villages,
being all flowers, all fragrance and no less
a crumbling masonry, a moldy jar:

change enters here as gentle and as yellow
as the moon that gives this earthly head its halo,
an archaic glory where the garden slowly

dies, scenting the brown pungencies
of clay with odors of old sanctities
until you shall believe that death is holy

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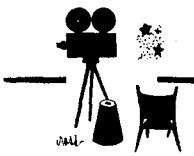

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Audrey on the North Shore

—*From "Sabrina."*

William Holden and The Hepburn—"the ondine herself . . . the lovely languor."

THERE is a Nobel Prize, at the very least, waiting for the savant who can explain how it was that Paramount Pictures created only a fair-to-middling entertainment out of **"Sabrina."** Consider these golden elements which have been painstakingly transmuted into base metal. Paramount began with the playscript of "Sabrina Fair," Samuel Taylor's brilliantly successful spoof of the noble rich of Long Island's North Shore. Taylor's play was witty in conception and its dialogue leaped and gleamed like no talk that has been heard in these parts since the days when Philip Barry and Samson Raphaelson were at work. To insure the preservation of these lights, Taylor was cajoled aboard a DC-7 and set to laboring on the screenplay, partnered by Ernest Lehman and Billy Wilder.

And then, my friends, they added Audrey Hepburn. Yes, they enlisted the ondine herself, the enchanting sprite with the small head and the swan neck and the eyes as big as the Tower of London. They captured the girl whose single screen appearance in "Roman Holiday" won the Academy Award, whose single Broadway appearance caused the critics to sit cheerfully through three hours of Giraudoux jabberwocky, whose impact on our national image of beauty has inspired ten million girls to hack off their hair and heavy up their eyebrows.

Having hired Hepburn, Billy Wilder proceeded to photograph her. He photographed her crawling under the seven cars in the Larrabee garage where her father served as chauffeur. He photographed her peeking through the trees at the party in the great Larrabee house where danced and flirted David Larrabee, the love of her secret heart. He photographed her at a cooking school in Paris, wistfully regarding a collapsed souffle. He photographed her back at the Long Island railroad station, looking Parisienne and chic. He photographed her in a sailing costume, in an evening gown, in black matador pants, in a breathtaking black dinner dress. If you want to look at pictures of Audrey Hepburn, and I can think of less rewarding pastimes, "Sabrina" is the album of your dreams. Unfortunately, it is little more.

Will someone explain to me why they scissored out the sarcastic maiden aunt who dropped *bon mots* into the garden with Luella-Gear-like precision?

Why have they turned the magnificent old father Larrabee, lover of

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"
In CINEMASCOPE starring
JANE POWELL · HOWARD KEEL
with JEFF RICHARDS
RUSS TAMBLYN · TOMMY RALL
Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT
& FRANCES GOODRICH
and DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by GENE de PAUL
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Color by ANSCO
Directed by STANLEY DONEN
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"DUTCH TREAT"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

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funerals, into a grim, snarling bore?

Why have they transmogrified the chauffeur from a hilarious example of reverse snobbism among upper-class servants into an ordinary doting dad?

Why have they changed the humorously gracious mother into a North Shore dowager?

Why have they burdened this frothy fairy-tale with the well-thumbed plot about the older brother who goes after the girl to keep her from marrying the younger brother and winds up falling in love with her himself?

AND why, in the name of the Player's Registry, have they cast Humphrey Bogart as the power-hungry, cynical manipulator who is Linus Larrabee? I have been an admirer of Bogart from "The Roaring Twenties" down to "Beat the Devil," but he hasn't the youth or the dash for Linus Larrabee, he is a full head shorter than Audrey Hepburn, and he plays the part as if he knew all this only too well.

These things remain inscrutable to me. It is a shibboleth of Hollywood that "nobody starts out to make a bad movie." Things just get out of hand. In the end there are two miles of celluloid in the can, and the magic simply isn't there. In the case of "Sabrina" bad judgment and commonplace place-adapting have led to an untidy waste of uncommon riches.

Incidentally, since the proceedings of "Sabrina" engage so little of the beholder's attention, it is possible to make a minute study of the art and the artifice of Audrey Hepburn. One can see as separate elements the lovely languor of her dancer's body, the sudden burst of childlike gaiety, the casual intensity of her readings, the wide-eyed wonder and expressiveness of those great eyes. There is no question that Hepburn is an astonishing beauty and an authentic star personality. It occurs to me, however, that her impression is so special that it will be difficult for her to find roles in which her qualities will continue to appear as a fresh revelation.

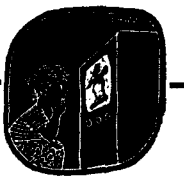
—LEE ROGOW.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1065)

MARION EDEY:
EARLY IN THE MORNING

To rouse the echo, . . . Noel raised his oar and brought it down flat on the water with a tremendous spank. . . . After everything seemed finished, a very small clap was heard, as if from the last edge of sound.

Marion sighed with pleasure. "Don't hit it again. Just once is nice."



TV AND RADIO

The "Miracle Mile" for Forty Millions

THE neatest boosterism of the fading summer was provided recently by Joseph J. Berhalter, a "contact" representative for the National Broadcasting Company. As reported in *The New York Times*, the gentleman was explaining how it came about that NBC, in collaboration with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, brought American audiences their telecast of the "miracle mile," run by Dr. Roger Bannister and John Landy in the British Empire Games at Vancouver, B.C. The CBC, which has no cable connecting its eastern TV stations from those on the west Canada shore, asked NBC if it could help bridge the gap through the use of facilities in the United States.

NBC has a cable connection between its outlets in Seattle and Buffalo. It agreed to catch the Canadian picture out of the air in Seattle, send it cross-country to Buffalo, thence to be routed to the Canadian east coast, via the CBC station in Toronto. Only one thing was lacking: a relay connection between Seattle and Vancouver. The necessary relay towers were built, said Mr. Berhalter to the *Times*, on a permanent basis, "so they would be available for similar productions in the future."

The world to television executives is fresh from the Garden of Radio. Noah's deluge, Babel's confusion are mere ciphers in their covenant with tomorrow. Color, spectaculars, transatlantic TV—the best is yet to be, on Madison Avenue, for we will make it so. Yet it remained for a prosaic engineer to outconfidence them all. In Mr. Berhalter's mind there is not the slightest doubt that two Englishmen will be running a mile again in Vancouver, each in less than four minutes —soon. NBC will be there.

Amen to the prophecy! We verbalists and theorists often lack the simple faith of the concretizing mind. Maybe the wheel of fate isn't a flat Spengler tire. Maybe there will soon be three-minute miles. New games records were established in six out of the ten final track and field events contested at Vancouver. All hail progress and the ultimate banishment of time and space. Were it not for the Landy-Bannister mile television's summer of 1954 would have slipped, unexalted and unthrilled, into the industry annals, a bored black-and-white exit march to the springtide razzle-dazzle of the old Army-McCarthy hearings.

Four minutes of perfectly accumulated and magnificently discharged tension. The eight runners in their starting lanes on the track; then the race began almost too swiftly without warning. The commentator had called their identifying numbers and for an instant there was the hope that the camera would verily come close enough to read them. In the next instant the disparagement: this was to be only a medium and a long-shot race, camerawise. The announcer had momentarily been betrayed by the horse-race idiom—as he also was when he announced, "There's the gun —they're away and running."

The runners ribboned out, the suspense was still anticipatory. Then Landy moved out in front and the crowd in Canada yelled. In the United States the epic swelled in the breast of the beholder. The consciousness of history clicked into place. You were suddenly aware that you were striding with moments you would never forget. The first quarter—and the second, with Bannister following. The two treading bipeds moved away from the pack. Was the sensation a resurgent atavism or an intimation of extrasensory freedom? Surely it would hold this way. Surely there could be no climactic overtaking, no idealized finish. And yet you waited, your excitement intensifying. And then the closing.

THE pre-race experts had been talking of the famed Bannister "kick," his final, agonizing burst of speed. He was kicking. The propulsion pushed him nearer to the unflagging Landy. It brought him elbow to elbow; then the tall, lean medical student, who usually collapses at the finish line, pulled away in front. With superb receptivity the camera switched to a headon angle. The perfect end had been. Flailing arms like a drunken windmill, Bannister stumbled like a rag doll into people with civilian suits. The peaked hats of Canadian mounties surrounded him.

Of course, both men had beaten four minutes. The race was destined. Landy and Bannister jogged along in dark pullovers, side by side, cooling out. The camera caught them against the background of sky and mountain, the crowded grandstand to one side. "The mile of the century," the an-

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nouncer said, "it was just plain wonderful."

It is satisfying to know that NBC's relay towers between Seattle and Vancouver are ready but, an engineer's pragmatic optimism notwithstanding, we shall not see the like of it for time and time to come. Television made it possible for forty million people to sit in that stadium in British Columbia; but an Australian and an Englishman and the British Empire in its sunset ran that race.

IF NOT greatness, then novelty will do. An NBC program chief told me recently that his network is planning, in the fall, to bring Canadian football into American living rooms, via telecast. The northern version of the game is a more open affair, he said, than our native variety—a fluid combination of football and English rugby. If the upcoming "spectacular" presentations in compatible color on both CBS and NBC fail to fill the thrill, perhaps this additional welcome borrowing from our neighbors' lives across the border will prove to be the memorable factor in season '54.

Until then for the Hemingway viewers there is always Gillette's "Cavalcade of Sports" (NBC, Friday nights) —concentrated film versions of the week's leading athletic events. More satisfying than the shorter sports clips in the regular news programs, these capsules often capture well the tension and the heart of the situation which ever make the contest on court or field an absorbing matter. Tennis, baseball, golf, polo, even soaring and underwater spear fishing, the brawn range is complete, with an occasional very interesting technical lesson performed especially for the television camera. If only the producers of sports programs would give us surcease from the eternal gallops and marches that furnish the musical background. Sports on the air needs a fresh musicologist.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

NEW EDITIONS

Preaching, Cybernetics, and the English Squire

"WHILE men contend for truth, error, dressed in the same habit, slips into her chair, and all the litigants court her for the divine sister of wisdom; there is noise but no harmony, fighting but no victory, talking but no learning; and all are willful, every man is angry, and without reason and without charity." This quotation is the first passage to be found in "The House of Understanding" (University of Pennsylvania Press, $2.75), selections from the writings of Jeremy Taylor, edited by Margaret Gest—and there are many pages of equal worth to be found in the same volume. Taylor, long valued for his style, has long been undervalued for his thought; and he is probably little known to many readers today, save for what may be found of him in Logan Pearsall Smith's garland of elegant extracts, "The Golden Grove." Smith, most charming of superficialists, was more interested in verbal patterns than in sustained thinking; so it is no cause for wonder that he did full justice to Jeremy Taylor's manner, while doing less than justice to his matter. Miss Gest's slim book tends to redress the balance. In it we may read Taylor's considered ideas on the subjects that most profoundly concerned him; and on no subject does he speak to us today more pertinently than upon tolerance.

The latest group of Anchor Books (Doubleday) measures up to the high standard set by earlier volumes of this growing library. Here is the roll—"Victorian England" (95¢), by G. M. Young; Eileen Power's "Medieval People" (85¢); "A Collection of Essays by George Orwell" (95¢); Norbert Wiener's "The Human Use of Human Beings" (75¢); Ernest Jones's "Hamlet and Oedipus" (75¢); "Fear and Trembling" and "The Sickness Unto Death" (85¢), by Kierkegaard; and Geoffrey Scott's "The Architecture of Humanism" (75¢). Mr. Young's "portrait of an age" was praised not long ago in this department; for many years I have been heartily recommending the late Dr. Power's documented studies of six medieval characters in six different walks of life; and it is a pleasure to return to Orwell's best essays—a pleasure stained by regret that his early death robbed us of one of our most stimulating intellectual journalists. Professor Wiener's work is fascinating, philosophical excursion into a new and somewhat terrifying field of human achievement, in which he is preeminent. Dr. Jones's well-known work is here labeled "A classic study in the psychoanalysis of literature." No doubt it merits the description, but I am unshaken in the conviction that it is a "classic" which rests precariously on a fallacy; the fallacy that fictional characters are fit subjects for psychoanalysis. The two short books by Kierkegaard are typical utterances of a man who has been hailed by some sons of this anxious age as a mighty thinker and a kindred spirit; but he is a spirit to whose wave-length I can tune in with scant success. Geoffrey Scott's "study in the history of taste" is now thirty years old, as fresh and delightful as ever—and as right. The quality of Scott's work is in inverse proportion to its quantity; he wrote sparingly, but always with a close approach to perfection. In the present book he studies the much maligned Renaissance architecture of Italy, looking at it in the distorting mirrors of hostile criticism; he sets the record straight, knocks the props from under some critical theories that are as fashionable as they were in 1914, and enunciates his own humanistic philosophy of architecture.

"The Girl's Journey" (Doubleday, $3.95) consists of two brilliantly written, thoroughly enjoyable short novels by Enid Bagnold—"The Happy Foreigner" (1920) and "The Squire" (1938)—with a new, interesting introduction by Arthur Calder-Marshall. Miss Bagnold's talent for vivid scene-painting makes one realize how little this faculty is now cultivated by our serious novelists.

Edwin A. R. Rumball-Petre's "Rare Bibles, and Introduction for Collectors and a descriptive Checklist" (Duschenes, $6) contains a budget of bibliographical information that will not be found readily elsewhere. The Heritage Press gives us a handsome edition of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" ($5), with illustrations by Reginald Marsh; and Grove Press is distributing the Zodiac Press (London) edition of George Eliot's perennial "Silas Marner" ($3).

In lighter vein: Agatha Christie's "Funerals Are Fatal" (Pocket, 25¢), one of her very best; and Simenon's "Belle" (Signet, 25¢), devilishly clever but tricky. —Ben Ray Redman.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

she struck the fancy of a dying boy, son of rich Jamaican parents. The ragged, footsore waif, for whom civilization had meant scissors to cut one's bloodstained toe nails, was now transported in luxury to the West Indies. In her harshly got wisdom she had driven a stiff bargain that would bring her a little nearer the Good Place. First, though, amid the voodoo mysteries of Jamaica's Cockpit Country, she had to learn compassion.

With her usual brilliance, E. Arnot Robertson has conjured up an unusual plot, taut, exciting, ironical, and attuned to subtle vibrations of human agony. The tautness relaxes about the time the steel-willed Hebe discovers her heart. It is a test of Mrs. Robertson's sympathetic way with people that she makes of her super-child an endearing character. Hebe's leanness of body never begets leanness of soul. The goodness and humor that she so rarely encounters burn brighter in her memory than the cynicism and faithlessness that are her daily lot. Hebe is above all a stark and original study in will power.

Notes

THE NEWEST SOUTH: Though short, May Dikeman Hoss's novel, **"The Pike"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), manages to get through two murders, two fatal accidents, two false arrests, an Indian fair, a county fair, Christmas, the moving of an old home to make way for a widening highway, and various sessions in bed with different women. It is, however, something more than a tale of sex and gore. The prose is for the most part clean and clear and strong, and most refreshing is the setting, which heralds a discovery long overdue—that of the New South. The scene is Eastern Tennessee, where the mountains are ever in the background and most of the chief characters are not hill people but town dwellers, distant in kinship to that overworked literary figure—the pureblooded Anglo-Saxon hill man with a zither but no shoes.

True, the reader is often made to realize that somewhere around are the "tacky people" with their dialect, women in poke bonnets, and barefooted children; but to the town at the foot of the hills the modern world with its problems and its opportunities has come to stay. The family home has become a tourist stop, there is an awareness of Tennessee politics, and "The Pike" from which the book takes its name is being changed into a superhighway with all the consequent ugliness of raw red earth and uprooted trees.

—Jacket design for "Devices and Desires."

". . . undernourished refugee from history."

The story is in a sense that of the Claybo family—Salie, the sharp-tongued, warm hearted mother; Lute, the father, ex-minister but now a telephone company lineman; Georgia, the unmarried daughter, overripe for matrimony; Earl, the only one not under parental domination, married, socially ambitious, and superficially successful; and lastly Hugh, the family baby still, though long since returned from his stint as a seaman during World War II.

In spite of its brevity, multiplicity of events, and complexity of situations, "The Pike" drags at times, particularly in the long, tedious, and never quite credible conversations between Hugh and his many loves.

—Harriette Arnow.

VIOLENCE: Toward the end of **"Tombolo"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) Nicholas Fersen writes: "There had to be violence." This should have appeared as a notice on page one, for this first novel by an Italian-born Russian who has been in the United States only a few years is nothing if not violent. It concerns a colony of renegades and cast-offs—Negro G.I.'s and German Wehrmachters from the pressures of military life, and prostitutes and informers from those of civilian life—living, just after the last war's Italian campaign, in Tombolo, near Pisa, a section of foul swampland as impregnable as a fort. They "work" by night, raiding Army convoys, and spend the rest of their time fornicating and fighting among themselves. At the end, the authorities, pressured into action, wipe them out, by which time their own moral and physical self-liquidation have made them a pushover. A sensitive, educated Negro named Jimmie and his honorable Italian girl friend, who are meant to engage our sympathies, are spared, and set out from their inverse garden of Eden determined to make their way together in a hostile world.

Though Mr. Fersen's command of English is admirable, he is not sufficiently at home in the American idiom to write a novel in which most of the dialogue is among Southern and Midwestern American Negroes, and he often has them mouthing a hybrid patois that is at times ludicrously unreal. As a result of this, and of the naive oversimplifications by which he builds all his characters, the story seldom becomes more than a gratuitous portrayal of brutality. That such a bizarre situation as this Tombolo episode has its basis in actual fact might well tempt many writers. Mr. Fersen occasionally demonstrates what could have been done with it, but not often enough.

—Jerome Stone.

IRONY IN INDO-CHINA: "The Sword of God," written by René Hardy and translated by Humphrey Ware (Doubleday, $3.95), is a novel about the recently-ended war in Indo-China. Only occasionally does it provide the Koestlerian subtleties and profundities of characterization in terms of ideological conflict which the publisher promises. Nor does it often attempt to analyze the causes and significance of the war. But it does establish the climate of personal fanaticism within which so much ruthless militarism seems to flower. And it does tell an engrossing and realistic story. Kernez, a reformed French revolutionary, comes to Indo-China to seek a reconciliation with his brother, the pious abbot of a Catholic mission there, from whom his life of violence has estranged him for many years. He discovers him to be held hostage by Serkov, a brutal, power-drunk Viet-Minh Commissar of Slavic origin. In an effort to save his brother, Kernez daringly poses as a trouble-shooter sent by Moscow to check into the affairs of Serkov and his rival co-commissar, Tah, a monomaniacal Asiatic. He is finally forced to reveal himself, just as a French Union force attacks their stronghold. The Viet-Minhs are beaten and Kernez, ironically, having played his part too well, is executed by the same troops who rescue his brother, with whom he has never established contact.

If the characters are not fully revealed to us in all their probable complexities, they are sketched in with

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sufficient originality and boldness for their actions to seem credible; the narrative passages are often graphic; and now and then the book's observations on such subjects as political morality—very much the bailiwick of today's newspaper—and the relation of means to ends are sufficiently thoughtful to raise it considerably above the level of "just" another adventure novel. —J. S.

AMBIVALENCE AMONG THE EXPATRIATES: Alexander Randolph's short first novel, **"The Mail Boat"** (Henry Holt, $2.50), deals with a pair of expatriates sojourning on a barren island off the Tyrrhenian coast of Italy. The girl, Martha Baker, is "an authentic runaway, and like all runaways, lost." She has been ferociously pursuing romance all over Europe and is convinced that she has found it in the person of Oscar Tower. Oscar is sensitive, neurotic, spineless, and obviously much more interested in his unfinished novel than in Martha. They rent a cottage on a cliff high above the sea and settle down to what they hope will be a carefree idyll—he to finish his novel, she to worship and adore.

But it isn't long before Martha senses his inner coldness to her, finds that she is unable to reach him either physically or spiritually. Her growing suspicion that Oscar is a homosexual is soon confirmed by his very peculiar affection for a young boy, the son of a local family. Gradually, as Martha tries with mounting panic to recapture Oscar's affections, their life together in the isolated cottage degenerates into an endless nightmare of petty intrigues, deceptions, misunderstandings, and emotional rages.

The sudden death of the boy, the ensuing ordeal of the incredibly gruesome funeral, and the growing hostility of the islanders lead to the final sordid collapse of their relationship. —WILLIAM MURRAY.

Arms and Men

Continued from page 14

he dealt with seems never to have surprised or even angered him.

He tells, for instance, without apparent emotion, how the Soviet Union after making peace with Finland in 1944 repudiated the terms, blandly ignoring its own undertakings and squeezing Finland tighter by interpretations which the smaller country, disarmed and defeated, could not dispute. Again, he observes that in 1942 while he was Germany's ally some of his good Polish, Belgian, and Austrian friends languished in Nazi concentration camps. His only comment is that he had occasion on a visit to Germany to thank Reichsmarshal Goering for interceding to make his friends more comfortable. Caught between the struggle of Nazism and Bolshevism, he makes it clear enough that he favored neither, but he has almost nothing to say about them except as to their military qualities.

Since Mannerheim was in the best sense a political general—that is, a military leader continuously conscious of the political ends of war—and since he was on occasion a distinguished head of state, it is impossible to see him as another professional soldier with characteristic indifference to political systems. He stoutly affirms that he always championed democracy in his own country and did more than any other to set democratic institutions on a firm footing. The claim is impressively borne out by his actions as Regent in 1918 and as President in 1944-1946, provided one can define democracy as a system of relative individual freedom adjusted to the severe demands of national security between the upper and nether millstones of rival imperialisms.

In politics Mannerheim admired strength, loathed stupidity. Some of his harshest passages are reserved for the bumbling of Czar Nicholas II, the weakness and vacillation of Kerensky and the provisional government of the first Russian revolution, and the politicking of the Finnish Diet between wars that hamstrung Finland's defense program. Mannerheim was an aristocrat with supreme confidence in the correctness of his own judgment and his power to lead. If he was often impatient with democratic processes, ignorant in the main of the struggles of the common man, disdainful of ideals that seemed sometimes to weaken the will to survive, he nevertheless kept steadily in view the first importance of mobilizing the will and resources of his nation to defend its independence. Without that democracy, he saw, was a fatal plaything.

For military readers Mannerheim's lucid account of his campaigns—which occupy a good part of the book—will be illuminating despite the totally inadequate maps that time and again leave one adrift among meaningless place names. The chapters on the Winter War are particularly revealing of Russian military concepts and methods. It would be a pity, however, if non-technical readers were to ignore these memoirs on the assumption that they are but another soldier's tale of war. They are, in fact, a contribution to history in the grand style as well as a portrait—though by no means the final one—of a large, fascinating, and controversial world figure.

War's Fine Moments

TOMMIES' ERNIE PYLE: Crowded out by Korea, Indo-China, and the Bomb, the Second World War is already receding from active memory. The generals have all handed in their memoirs, the veterans are getting into politics, and college students must learn from history books what happened between 1939 and 1945. George Stewart revives fading memories in **"These Men My Friends"** (Caxton, $6) by evoking a strong sense of the flood tide of human effort that the Allies rolled across the world during those years.

Traveling almost everywhere between the United Kingdom and the Fiji Islands as an American officer on liaison missions with the British Army, Mr. Stewart talked and observed as much as any war correspondent, apparently setting down everything for later use. His warm and sensitive accounts of the lives and words of men under arms reveal him as a kind of Ernie Pyle to the British forces. While denied the front-line contacts that made Pyle's reporting so dramatic, Mr. Stewart shows a superb feeling for the way war crowds and prods personalities, thrusting philosophy and religion into the lives of even the most unreflective.

One can forgive the fact that few distinct and memorable individuals emerge from his flow of anecdote, because his book is really a human geography of the war. "These Men My Friends" not only describes the impact of exotic countries and Allied soldiery on one another; it succeeds in bringing to life again the vast, shuttling, temporary war-world of camps, headquarters, air bases, and battle lines. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

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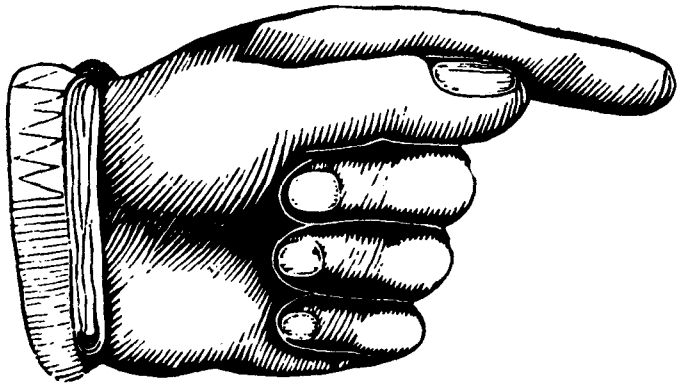

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Personal History

Continued from page 23

the complicated maneuvering and studied *combinazioni* are a little confusing, as doubtless they were to the intended victims of the Borgia plotting. But on the whole the author winds and unravels the threads of intrigue with delicate skill and the reader has no difficulty in following the absorbing story of family and personal politics.

Of Alexander VI, described by a contemporary as that "comely man of cheerful countenance and honeyed discourse who gains the affection of all the women he admires and attracts them as the lodestone does iron," she writes with cool critical detachment. Not that he is portrayed other than he was, a strong-willed, earthy sensualist, utterly alien to the medieval conception of the Papacy and determined to make it a temporal power and mediator of the feuds and power struggles of the dissenting Italian princes. Cesare, too, she understands, but sees with a less sympathetic eye. Handsome and far-sighted he was, a magnificent commander and possessed of a vision that promised well for the torn country; but he flashed like a meteor, greedy for adventure, ruthless, cruel, perverse, deterred by no scruples, no restraints of decency, loyalty, or honor. He bewitched his doting father and he practised spiritual and physical violence upon Lucrezia, on whom he depended, whom he loved, and of whom he was passionately jealous.

Miss Haslip's tenderest pages and most perceptive analyses are reserved for the irresistible Lucrezia herself. On her personal score, too, she is no apologist, admitting her carnality, conceding the probability of the charges of incest, never minimizing the vitality and the animality that made the innocent-eyed daughter a true member of the clan. Yet she sees her as victim, too, of their ambitions, practising with a skill which she acquired from exposure and training the evil they taught her.

Prisoner-Wife

AN AMERICAN IN MOSCOW: After nearly twelve years of trying to pitch news for the Associated Press past various Soviet censors, Eddy Gilmore, now back in the United States, has a joyfully uncensored time lobbing them across the plate in **"Me and My Russian Wife"** (Doubleday, $3.75). Despite the exuberant tone of his book, the author forcefully conveys the grimness of the embattled Russia he entered via Murmansk convoy in 1941. An epic railroad journey took him and a party of newsmen east across the Urals, south, and then west over the mountains again to Kuibyshev, avoiding the deep German salient that then threatened Moscow. Later, when the Russians started the long rollback of Hitler's forces, Gilmore got to that stern capital, where he was chief of bureau until 1953. During the years, besides reporting the news, he traveled, attended diplomatic parties, and carried on one of the best-policed courtships in history. Marrying Tamara was only half of a problem that did not end until Ambassador Bohlen got the whole family of Gilmores permanently out of Russia last year.

Along with his amusing personal story, Gilmore gives the reader lots of concrete, though unorganized, data about a strange and frightening country. Such items range from a portrait of Molotov pompously drunk at a reception, to an impression of Stalin's death-watch and funeral, where a strange lack of grief and the obvious exultation of the new leaders furnished a memorial for the ruthless old Georgian. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE ANNOTATOR. By Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock. The Macmillan Co. $4. Recently Mr. Keen, an English antiquarian bookseller, came upon a copy of Halle's "Chronicle," published in 1550, which was heavily annotated in handwriting he believes may well be that of young William Shakespeare. If Mr. Keen's theory holds—and he tries to prove it here—much light will be shed on the obscure early life of the poet. Included are transcriptions of the annotations.

A BLESSED GIRL. By Lady Emily Luytens. J. B. Lippincott Co. $4. The correspondence, covering about a decade, between the author, while she was growing up in Victorian England, and her mentor, the Reverend Whitewell Elwin. It ends after Lady Emily's marriage and the birth of her first child.

BRIDE OF THE MACHUGH. By Jan Cox Spears. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. A tale about a buxom lass named Elspeth, and of how she became involved with the mighty Alexander McHugh in the days when the Campbells and the MacDonalds were ripping it up in the Highlands.

CHANTAL. By Guy Des Cars. Translated by Reine de Sales. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A long sigh about a beautiful high-bosom who contracts leprosy, leaves her lover and illegitimate son, and sets out for a leper colony in the Fiji islands, where she endears herself to several, causes a death, and incites an uprising. Years later, cured, she returns to Paris, rejects her son, is rejected by another lover, and returns to the island as a replacement for a nun.

THE FORESTER. By Maria Kuncewicz. Translated by H. C. Stevens. Roy Publishers. $3. A novel about the growing-up of a Polish forester in the 1860's when Poland was dominated by Russia.

I WONDER WHY. By Gustavus Kirby. Coward McCann. $3. An autobiography by a man who, among other things, has been associated with the Public Schools Athletic League and the World Congress for Leisure Time and Recreation, and has hobnobbed with such as Hitler, King George, LaGuardia, Robert Moses, Houdini, and Rudolf Hess.

HISTORY OF MEHMED THE CONQUEROR. By Kritovoulos. Translated by Charles T. Riggs. Princeton University Press. $5. The first English translation of a life of Sultan Mehmed II, the conqueror of Constantinople five hundred years ago. The book, which is unfinished, was written by a Byzantine who returned to his native city after it had fallen and entered the emperor's service. It starts at the beginning of Mehmed's thirty-year reign, in 1451.

THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN POLICY. By Charles Burton Marshall. Henry Holt & Co. $3. An investigation of our foreign policy—how it has developed through the years, how we often set goals we can never reach, why we fail—by a former State Department adviser on foreign affairs.

THE LONG WATCH. By Robert F. Mirvish. William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. A tidal wave about an alcoholic ship's radio operator who, in the course of a round-the-world trip in an old ship captained by a raw-blood, finds a wife, goes on a memorable bout while the wind heehaws in the rigging, and becomes world-famous when he and the captain attempt to bring the ship, almost totally disabled, into Hong Kong by themselves.

MAN AGAINST NATURE. Edited by Charles Neider. Harper & Bros. $5. A collection of excerpts showing how man has withstood the terrors of disease, the elements, animals, and other men, by such as Pliny the Younger, Lindbergh, Peary, Byrd, Cousteau, Beebe, Hemingway, Corbett, Boccaccio, Orville Wright, etc.

McCARTHY AND THE COMMUNISTS. By James Rorty and Moshe Decter. Beacon Press. Paperbound, $1. Clothbound, $2. A study, not of Joe himself, but of his activities in "hunting" Communists in the past two years. The authors set up their own criteria for proper subversive digging, and then match McC.'s achievements with them. Joe doesn't show up very well.

THE MIDNIGHT PATIENT. By Egon Hostovsky. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Some icy fingers up and down your spine about a Czechoslovakian psychiatrist who goes to work as an agent for the Psychological Warfare Institute in an attempt to corral a Russian sneakfoot.

RESPECTABLE WOMEN. By Gilbert Rees. Random House. $3.50. The lives and deaths of the Barnes sisters in Kansas, when that state was furrowed with winds and gamblers. A novel.

SWAMP ANGEL. By Ethel Wilson. Harper & Bros. $3. A tale, set in the blue-brown country of the Canadian southwest, about a wandering warmheart who marries a man she is sorry for after her first husband and their child are dead, leaves him, and finally, as a cook in a fishing camp, finds a family who needs her.

THE TOLL-GATE. By Georgette Heyer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Fun in merrie old Regency England when one Captain John Staple sets out to find eleven-year-old Ben's missing father.

UNDERSTANDING THE AMERICAN PAST. Edited by Edward N. Saveth. Little, Brown & Co. $6. A collection of historical excerpts, illustrating the diverse interpretations of this country's past, taken from the works of such as Charles Beard, Henry Adams, Carl Bridenbaugh, Allan Nevins, S. E. Morison, and Henry Steele Commager.

WALKING ON BORROWED LAND. By William A. Owens. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. How a Negro named Mose struggles to find some equation between white and black in his home-town of Columbus, Oklahoma.

YOSSELLE ROSENBLATT. By Samuel Rosenblatt. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.50. A biography, by his son, of Josef Rosenblatt, called the "king of the cantors," who was born in Eastern Europe, gained fame in Hungary, came to America, where he was recorded, went to South America to try and recoup some lost money, and ended his life, finally, in Israel.
—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Americana

Continued from page 20

Lundberg marshals a broad range of data, prescreened to fit the general indictment. What does not fit it is kept in the darkness, or is assigned a secondary importance, or is explained away as an eccentric exception to what is otherwise uniformly dismal. Still, much of the evidence that does come through is regrettably all too true. And though Mr. Lundberg in some particulars merely updates a long tradition of criticism of democracy going back to the Constitutional Convention, the updating is in itself a warrant for the writing and the close reading of his book.

It is true, as Mr. Lundberg argues, that many people do not exercise their right to vote; that they commonly avoid jury duty; that they often resist the appropriation of taxes for socially useful projects; that they are strongly disposed to spend their private earnings on frivolous things, while the support of educational and cultural activities gets the once-over-lightly treatment. It is also true that the people must be conscripted to fight for the country's defense; that they often discriminate against one another on the grounds of race and religion; and that they often combine in pressure groups for "payoffs."

But when these things are listed, and when Mr. Lundberg's good proposals for reform are accepted, the general thesis of his book seems a bit flamboyant. It is possible for analytical purposes to isolate the citizenry from the constitutional frame of government, just as it is possible, for that same purpose, to isolate the led from the leaders. Yet in actual practice the people and their institutional forms, the led and the leaders, are not divisable. They are indivisable. And just as the leaders reflect "the going values" of the average man, so do they define and give direction to those values, subject to the overriding authority of the Constitution.

Seen in this light, one is entitled to insist that the people and their leaders have turned in a far more creditable performance in experimental democracy than Mr. Lundberg is willing to admit. On any day-to-day basis, havoc may seem to lie just around the corner. But in the retrospect of our two most recent decades, it is demonstrably true that the going values of the average man have led to an ever-broadening application of democratic doctrine to our internal affairs. Equally so, it has led to an ever-broadening and quickened concern for the extension of those doctrines on a global scale.

Notes

SOUTHERN EDITOR: "I am still a most unhappy drudge, fettered to the desk, as the galley slave to his oar. . . . A literary man, residing in the South, may be likened to the blooded horse locked up in the stable, and miles away from the course, at the moment when his rivals are at the starting post." So, in one of his frequent moods of discouragement, wrote the antebellum South's foremost man of letters. The reasons for his gloom are fully shown in Volume III of **"The Letters of William Gilmore Simms"** (University of South Carolina Press, $8.50), edited by Mary C. Simms Oliphant, T. C. Duncan Eaves, and Alfred Taylor Odell.

This volume of Simms's correspondence covers the years 1850-1857, a period of growing Southern nationalism and increasing sectional tension. His letters are an astonishingly rich lode of information on Southern literature and life in this time of crisis. They illuminate Simms's problems in editing a quarterly review in a region that has been called "a graveyard of magazines"; his disgust with the South Carolina politicians in the ascendant after Calhoun's death, and with other Southern states for not rallying behind South Carolina in resistance to the compromise measures of 1850; his troubles in trying to keep his plantation out of debt; and his productiveness as he returned to writing novels of the Revolution. Especially valuable are the many full letters on Southern writers to Evert Augustus Duychinck, compiler of the important "Cyclopedia of American Literature."

—J. Merton England.

FRONTIER VILLAGE: Reprinted three times since its publication by the Abraham Lincoln Association in 1934, there is now a fifth edition, and the first revision, of Benjamin P. Thomas's **"Lincoln's New Salem"** (Knopf, $2.50). Actually, Mr. Thomas has not made many changes. I noticed that he has smoothed some slightly awkward phrases, strengthened the earlier warning that the Ann Rutledge story may not be true, added a few new paragraphs on the restoration of the village and a new concluding paragraph, and reduced the number of frame houses in New Salem from two to one.

In any event, the continuing worth of the book justified its reissue in this handsome new edition, which retains the attractive Romaine Proctor drawings of New Salem houses and shops.

The thorough scholarship and pleasing style of Mr. Thomas's one-volume life of Lincoln here find a more leisurely theme without the necessity of compression that faced him in the biography. With room to write in detail, he relates the story of the small, short-lived frontier village, the known facts and legends of Lincoln's life there from 1831 to 1837, and the reconstruction of the town. Besides its importance to an understanding of the maturing of Lincoln, this description of New Salem has a value of its own as a study of the frontier process at work in nineteenth-century mid-America.

—J. M. E.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 584

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 584 will be found in the next issue.

QAR KTAE RB SXY LOQ

QAR XODY QART ZJTGS

TYOV VORKX—OS

QARTGYVZ.

—YSXYV NOTTQHATY.

Answer to No. 583

Personally I have no enthusiasm for organized jeering sections, but I hold that the spontaneous right of raspberry should be denied to no one in America.—Heywood Broun.

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A Prescription for the World

Continued from page 11

nations it is still thought to show statesmanship.

I think that this deadlock can best be resolved by the help of neutrals. Neutrals have several advantages. In the first place they can approach Communist governments in a way that is impossible for those whom these governments regard as enemies. In dealing with Communist countries, it is only the governments that count because there is not, as in the West, any possibility of appealing to public opinion. Any improvement in the behavior of Communist countries is only possible if their governments are convinced; and arguments, however valid, are not likely to convince those governments if presented from a hostile quarter. We have seen, both in Korea and in Indochina, that India is capable of bringing about compromise agreements which but for the interposition of a neutral intermediary could scarcely have been arrived at. I think that India, if possible in conjunction with other neutrals, can bring about further and even more important approaches to mutual understanding. I should like to see India and other neutrals undertaking an investigation of the probable destructiveness of a world war, not from the old-fashioned point of view of who would be likely to win, but from the only point of view appropriate to modern conditions, namely, of the total ruin of all the belligerents and probably of the neutrals also. I should like them to invite agreement with such a report from Communist and non-Communist powers simultaneously. I should wish them, if they could do so sincerely, to assure each side of the sincerity of the other in subscribing to such a report. The report should make it clear that it would be suicidal for either side to engage in aggressive war. Since this is true and can be made obvious, it is not too much to hope that each side could agree, not only in words, but with complete conviction. I think that in this way the nightmare terror of total war at any moment could be very much diminished, and if once this were achieved further steps would become much less difficult.

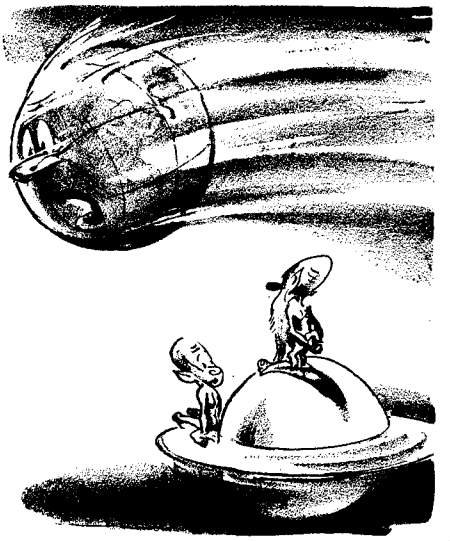
If it were generally recognized, as it should be, that war offers no possible solution of the world's evils certain things would follow. The West would have to acquiesce in the continued existence of Communism, and the Communist world would have to give up the hope of spreading its doctrine and practices throughout the world. There is at present, on both sides, a faction which favors a crusade to save the world from Communism or Capitalism, as the case may be. Whether this would be a good thing, if it could be achieved, is no longer an important question, since it cannot be achieved. It would no doubt be possible by means of war, to destroy both Communism and Capitalism, but it would not be possible to establish either of these victoriously throughout the world.

When it is admitted that both these systems will continue to exist unless both are destroyed in war, it follows that they ought to learn to tolerate each other's existence and to practise ordinary courtesy in their dealings with each other. When the Russians call our statesmen cannibals, and when we retort by correlative abuse, neither side is doing anything useful. Such language may serve as an incitement to war, but cannot promote peaceful coexistence. I am not suggesting that there is no ground for just criticism. I am saying only that even just criticism may, in the circumstances, do more harm than good.

IN WHAT I have been saying, and in what I am about to say, there is an assumption which many people may be inclined to reject. I assume that the Governments of Russia and China, and also the Government of the United States, are amenable to the dictates of self-interest if these are sufficiently clear and are presented with sufficient force. At present these various governments are much more conscious of the matters in which their interests conflict than of the supreme matter in which their interests coincide: namely, the avoidance of war. I look to the neutrals, who are not under the influence of hysteria, to make this supreme matter vivid in the minds of the governments concerned. I say "governments" because (to repeat) in Communist countries it is only governments that count.

—*Justus*, Minneapolis Star.

"Atomic Cloud."



—*Burck*, Chicago Sun-Times.

"A Case of H-Nerves—I Guess."

If by such means as I have been suggesting mutual hostility and suspicion could be diminished genuine negotiation on matters in dispute would become possible. In every genuine negotiation the final bargain falls short of the wishes of either party. Something is gained and something is lost. Usually each side thinks that it has suffered a diplomatic defeat. But, if neither side is willing to make any concessions at all negotiation is impossible and no vexed question can ever be settled.

Let us consider two questions which hitherto have proved intractable: one, that of Germany; the other, that of China. To begin with Germany, it is obvious that the Germans cannot be expected to acquiesce permanently in partition, and that, so long as they remain divided, their discontent will be a source of dangerous unrest. But it is very difficult to see how Germany is to be unified without a very serious sacrifice on the part of Russia. This sacrifice is called for by every principle of humanity and justice, and also by the desire to achieve some stability in the world. But it is hardly to be expected that the Communists will give up their hold on Eastern Germany except for a substantial *quid pro quo;* and, so far, the West has not been willing to offer anything of the sort.

In China there is an almost opposite situation. The Chinese, for rea-

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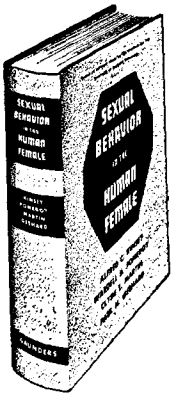
sons which we may deplore, but which we cannot undo, have adopted a Communist regime. The United States refuses to acknowledge this regime, and the United Nations still formally pretends that Chiang Kai-shek's refugee Government represents China. This is only a sulky refusal to acknowledge facts. Governments are not recognized because they are thought to be good; they are recognized because they hold *de facto* power. To refuse to recognize the *de facto* Government of China and give it its due place in the United Nations involves an entirely useless prolongation of ill feeling. It would only make sense (of a sort) if it were a prelude to a war against China for the restoration of Chiang Kai-shek. But since such a war would inevitably be a world war no sane man can regard it as an aim of practical policy. The recognition of the existing Government of China is an essential step in diminishing the tension of the Cold War, and no legitimate purpose of statesmanship is served by postponing it.

These two vital problems of Germany and China can be set against each other. The one can be solved only by a painful concession on the part of Russia; the other can be solved only by a painful concession on the part of the United States. In each case the right solution is that which will promote world peace. If the promotion of world peace were the aim on both sides the just solution of both problems would be quickly arrived at.

THE question of armaments, which is in some ways the most important of all, cannot be tackled while mutual suspicions remain as they are at present. There are those who argue in favor of prohibition of the hydrogen bomb as an immediate measure. I do not think that it is possible to begin a journey towards peace in this way. Suppose, what is scarcely likely, that Russia and America were both to agree that they would not use hydrogen bombs unless the other side used them first. In the present atmosphere of suspicion neither side would have any confidence in the good faith of the other. Suppose, to take an even more improbable hypothesis, that Russia and America agree to destroy their stock of hydrogen and atom bombs and to cease manufacturing them. There would still be no security on either side unless there were an exceedingly effective system of inspection, to which certainly the Russians and probably the Americans would not submit. The Baruch Plan, which was at that time generous towards Russia, since Rus-



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sia as yet had no atom bomb, failed to be adopted, owing to Soviet suspicion. The situation is now very much more difficult than it was then, since Russia has bombs and America is more hostile than it was. For such reasons, I do not think that anything can be done about hydrogen and atom bombs until the diplomatic tension between East and West has been greatly diminished.

I have not much sympathy with those who regard the bomb as more wicked than previous methods of warfare. From the time of bows and arrows onwards, warfare has always been as wicked as people knew how to make it. What is new since the invention of the bomb is not that warfare has grown more wicked, but that it has ceased to be able to achieve its ends, since it has made it impossible for either side to be victorious in any substantial sense. The attempt to prohibit this or that weapon in the hope that war may remain an agreeable pastime is futile, and is inspired, in some, by dislike of perpetual peace, which has become the only alternative to complete disaster.

International government, which should be the ultimate goal in the negotiations rendered possible by a diminution of tension, will entail, as all government does, a certain curtailment of liberty. But, as the world becomes more crowded and more unified, certain kinds of liberty, which were formerly possible, become impossible. There was a time when traffic on the roads was so sparse that no rule of the roads was necessary. In like manner there has been until now too little intimate contact, whether for good or evil, between different nations to make an international rule of the road necessary. When man was still a very rare species there was no Authority to enforce the prohibition of murder, and one may suppose that would-be murderers protested against the loss of liberty when the criminal law was established. Civilized society is impossible without law, and the world has now reached the point where law in the relations of nations is as necessary as domestic law. Law is not merely a set of rules. It is also the power to enforce these rules. It is this power which has hitherto been lacking to what has been optimistically called international law; and it is this power which an international government must acquire.

The establishment of a world government, though it may seem a revolutionary step, and though it arouses the instinctive hostility felt against any radical innovation, is in line with the whole development of the world during the last five centuries. After the Fall of Rome the Western World became divided into a large number of petty kingdoms and principalities, but bit by bit states grew larger. England, France, and Spain each gradually fell under one government.

ITALY and Germany followed suit in the nineteenth century. The technical unification of the world has proceeded at an increasing speed ever since the Industrial Revolution. What happens in one place now affects what happens in another to a degree unparalleled in former times. Internal anarchy was subdued with enormous difficulty at the end of the Middle Ages, but international anarchy remains. The harm done by international anarchy is of the same kind as the harm that used to be done by internal anarchy, but is very much greater in degree. The very same reasons which existed for the creation of national governments exist now for the creation of an international government; and all the arguments against international government are the very same that could have been urged by turbulent barons in the fifteenth century against the power of centralized national governments.

International government, whether pleasant or unpleasant, has become a condition of human survival. We must submit to it, or die. And I mean this in an exact, literal sense. I wonder which alternative mankind will choose?

An Element of Peace

By M. B. Thornton

A THING condemned without
arms to fly,
A thing so still with life that
in that stillness
Feathers,—
Element of sky!
Element of storm:
whoever saw peace
in the face of a bird
born to fly?
we only see wings
and the sky
and he sings,—
Element of peace:
for him no song
but a cry!

Cottle's

Continued from page 15

three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a bible; a keg of porter; coffee; raisins; currants; catsup; nutmegs; allspice; cinnamon; rice; ginger and mace.

THIS is almost as pleasing as Robinson Crusoe's inventory. A riddle-slice I take to be some kind of perforated spatula, like our pancake lifter? (A riddle, of course, was a sieve). The bible I assume was a Bible? but it might have been a local name (seaman's phrase) for a holy-stone or bath-brick? We know from previous correspondence that S.T.C.'s bachelor nourishment was mostly bacon and broad-beans; but his honeymoon excitement had evidently soared to cheese and spices. Cottle shipped the goods, and followed the next day on horseback to Clevedon (a dozen miles from Bristol). In spite of the roses growing into the casements he thought the whitewashed parlor a little too bare, and dispatched a paperhanger. Brave Cottle: he promised S.T.C. a guinea and a half (say about $15 or $20 relative values?) for every hundred lines of verse copy; but I doubt if even the two or three poems written about the rosebowered cot caught up with the groceries?

The coefficient of response in Book Reviews is very high. After my casual memo two years ago I heard from one of Cottle's own collaterals (a literature teacher at Bristol University) begging me to lay off my suggested biography; he said he's been creeping up on it for years, and I'm hoping any day to hear its annunciation in England. And Cottle also has descendants in Ohio (they wrote me), who await any printwork to come.

In the Life of Cottle I hope there'll be an enjoyable portrait. In the pictures of his three great clients the only features memorable are Southey's roman nose and S.T.C.'s adenoid gape above the fresh-laundered cravat. I am sentimental enough to wish that a man's face, after a lifetime of commerce with the better curiosities, should somehow express virtue. The physiognomies of both Wordsworth and Coleridge have been endlessly deplored. Even Ellis Yarnall, himself, one of the most beautiful old men I ever saw, could find nothing special to say of Wordsworth's face (in 1849) but its wrinkled sadness. I'm quite a student of faces; I often wonder what my grandchildren may expose in candid camera say fifty years from now?

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I brood sometimes whether the life of letters a century ago would carve such sinister photography as Mr. Maugham shews us (almost too often) in the 1950's.

As I think of those two books simultaneously published in 1899, by Mr. Yarnall and young professor Hancock, I am wholesomely reminded of my childish ignorance. What so astounded me in Hancock's book, which I found by hazard in the college library, was the title: "The French Revolution and the English Poets." I thought, in my poor freshman scarcity, what can these have to do with each other? As I was equally stumored when someone won a prize at Oxford for an oration on the Political Career of R. B. Sheridan. I didn't even know he had any such career. My only achievement in collegiate sagacity is to remember my own absolute and purefoy ignorance. But how appalled both Mr. Yarnall and Dr. Hancock would have been, when they were probably unaware of each other, putting to press their notable books, if told what we know now about the dreadful simplicity of Wordsworth and Annette. I say to myself, thank goodness I don't know what I don't know.

I savor these casual thoughts ("which are to airy thinness beat") because they were part of my own silly memories of a childhood long ago; when I used in a winding way of dogwoods to see a lovely old man walking, followed by a cinnamon-toast-colored spaniel. Not far away a furiously ambitious young hypertense instructor (Bert Hancock) was putting the revising notes on his Ph.D. dissertation to publish as a book. One of my most precious volumes is a beaten old copy, a college library discard, that had been read to loose-leaves by generations of students (it was Required in that course).

There you can see, better than anywhere I know, a dogged and strong-conscienced man beating himself into insensibility to construe poetry into a formula. Poor fellow, he lectured us on the influences of Godwin, Holbach, Helvetius, and others on young Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Once I tried to look up Helvetius in the encyclopaedia, but I hit on the adjoining article (Hemorrhoids) which terrified me ever since. We used to talk over Hanky's lectures in our bovine bivouacs, but in our poor realism and economic peasantry what interested us most was what did Wordsworth's French accent sound like, or why did Coleridge scream in sleep? We know now of course: he thought he had "extricated time and space." (See S.T.C.'s wonderful letter to Poole, March 16, 1801). He was "climbing the tall smooth Tree of Pure Mathematics."

AND while our zealous instructor was telling us his impacted wisdom, which we were too Quakerishly loutish to ingest (no one, not anybody, is more moravian mohock than the young Pennsylvania animal) most of our platoon were sneering or snoring. It rather pleases me that so many of my own swatch of alumni have passed away in their forties, by failure of brain or heart. I used to wish I could have queried with good Hanky whether "The Ancient Mariner" wasn't maybe a subconscious allegory of the French Revolution? Or my notion of Wordsworth's political importance in 1914 and seq., when Lord Grey used him as topic to keep that singular person Colonel House baffled when awkward neutrality topics were broached. Grey tried it on Walter Page too, but Page knew as much or more about the poet. Certainly more than his enigmatic chief Woodrow Wilson, though there was much of the Cumberland temper in Wilson.

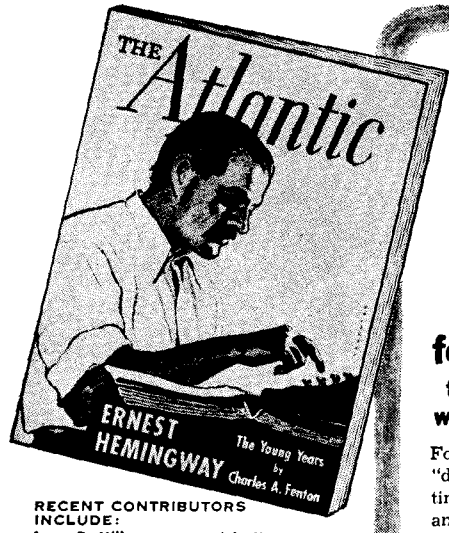
These innocent themes are pleasant to pursue in sunset light; they are Pilgrim's Progress notes in hope that Joe Cottle's descendant is getting on with his book. It is always happy, in spite of much *Weltschmerz,* to remember the garden ground under the silver dogwoods where one could see an unblemished old gentleman who had known Wordsworth; where, however naively, one could believe the Bernardine hymn:

Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum.

Of course, there is no such place; but we came as near to it in the Haverford library as anyone ever comes.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Islands in the Sun," by Rosita Forbes. 2. "The Gentle Powers," by Stella Gibbons. 3. "The Brontë Story," by Margaret Lane. 4. "Lise Lillywhite," by Margery Sharp. 5. "The Village," by Marghanita Laski. 6. "Kingfishers Catch Fire," by Rumer Godden. 7. "To the Moment of Triumph," by Pamela Frankau. 8. "Invitation to Folly," by Susan Ertz. 9. "The Challenge," by Phyllis Bottome. 10. "Letty Landon," by Helen Ashton. 11. "Search After Sunrise," by Vera Brittain. 12. "The Singer Not the Song," by Audrey Erskine Lindop. 13. "The Green Man," by Storm Jameson. 14. "Cotillion," by Georgette Heyer. 15. "The Meaning of Treason," by Rebecca West. 16. "The Tiger in the Smoke," by Margery Allingham. 17. "The Easter Party," by Hon. V. M. Sackville-West. 18. "Spring's Green Shadow," by Cecily Mackworth. 19. "Kiss Me Again, Stranger," by Daphne du Maurier. 20. "A Name to Conjure With," by G. B. Stern.



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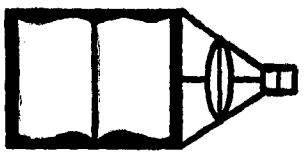

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1066

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

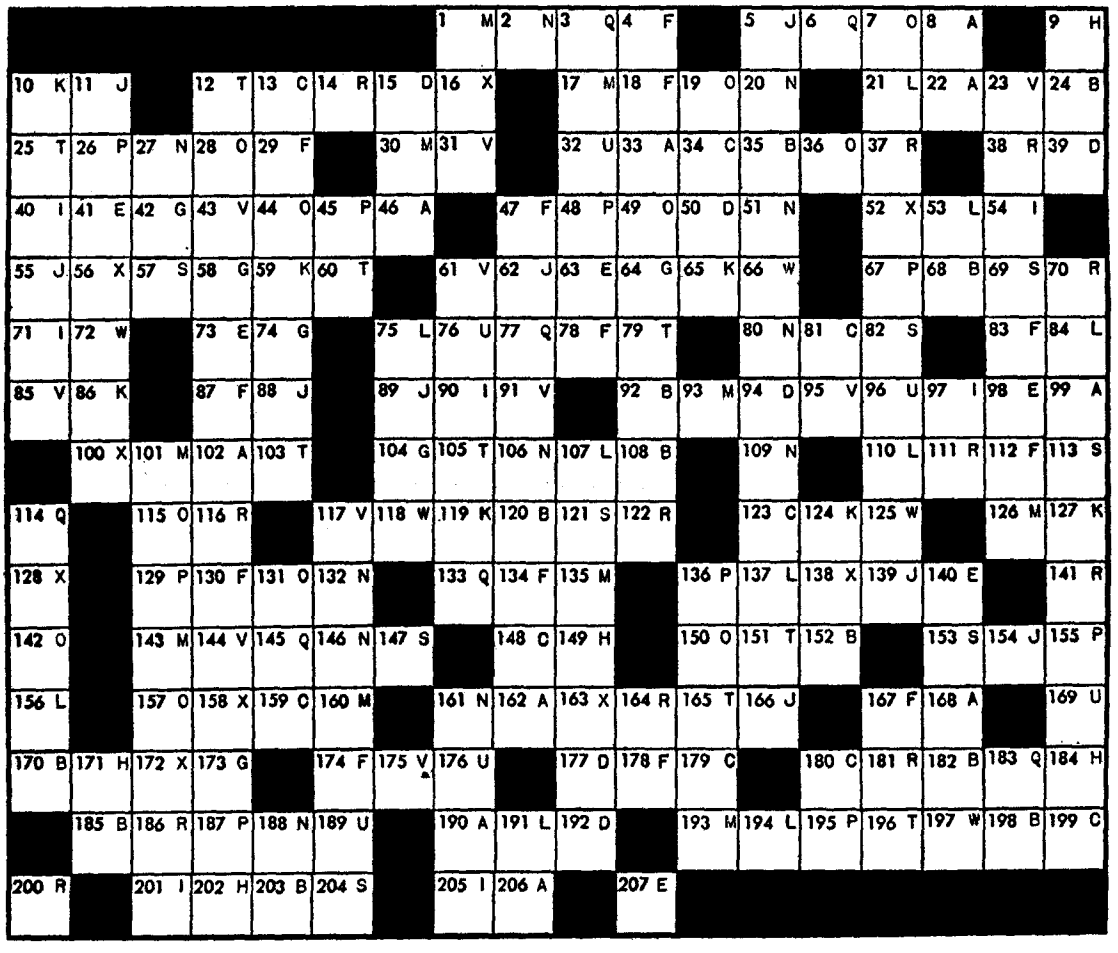
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The region across the Tiber from Rome.	190 162 33 206 102 99 22 46 168 8
B. "Mine host": one who keeps a public eating place.	24 182 185 152 68 198 170 203 120 108 / 92 35
C. "Put down the mighty from their seat."	148 159 13 34 180 81 199 179 123
D. Omitted from consideration or pronunciation.	39 50 94 177 192 15
E. One of the tragic lovers whose blood stained the mulberry its present color (mythology).	140 63 207 98 73 41
F. Wallace Irwin's "Japanese schoolboy" of fifty years ago.	18 174 78 134 178 29 83 47 130 112 / 167 4 87
G. Describing a popular pine panelling.	173 58 64 104 42 74
H. Summer resort in Greater London, site of gunpowder plant.	184 149 171 9 202
I. Barge.	54 205 40 90 201 71 97
J. Where the Roman augur thought it propitious to hear thunder (3 wds.).	154 62 89 139 11 5 166 88 55
K. How often Juliet's nightingale sang in the pomegranate.	127 124 59 10 119 65 86
L. Leading variety of yellow banana (2 wds.).	84 194 21 107 110 137 75 191 156 53
M. A unicursal bicircular quartic, sometimes shaped like a figure 8 on its side.	1 160 30 93 101 143 193 126 17 135
N. Wanting in adequate strength, etc.	109 132 161 2 51 188 106 80 27 146 / 20
O. Resort near Florence, Italy, whose name means "shady valley."	7 49 28 157 36 115 44 131 142 150 / 19
P. Lasting but a day.	48 155 26 195 67 129 136 187 45
Q. Sully, smirch.	133 145 77 3 6 183 114
R. Colloq. for find a path of action unnecessarily difficult (2 wds. with "make").	186 122 111 38 116 37 200 164 141 181 / 14 70
S. Uncanny; frightful.	82 121 147 69 57 204 113 153
T. Defeat in which the loser fails to score at all.	12 103 151 165 79 25 196 60 105
U. Provided with some quality or power.	189 32 169 76 96 176
V. Ultimately.	23 95 91 175 144 61 43 117 85 31
W. Specifying a sailor's small box for needles and thread, etc.	72 118 125 197 66
X. Large and important pagoda in Burma (2 wds.).	16 56 100 163 128 52 138 158 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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The Case for Bruckner

By WINTHROP SARGEANT

IN GENERAL, I do not subscribe to the commonly held belief that great music requires repeated hearing in order to be appreciated. The cultivated listener can, I think, make out something of the message of a fine symphony or string quartet the first time around. The only outstanding exception to this rule that I know of is the music of Anton Bruckner, which invariably seems, on first hearing, to consist of endless repetitions, overblown climaxes, and baffling structural relationships, and which, after careful and repeated study, suddenly reveals some of the most sublime musical experiences to be found anywhere in symphonic music.

I have been through this process again and again; indeed I go through it every time I tackle a Bruckner symphony that is unfamiliar to me. I start out with a vague sense of impatience. This time, I feel, I have finally come across a Bruckner symphony that I don't honestly like. Then I listen to the movements over and over again, and presently I find myself convinced that it is one of the greatest masterpieces I have ever heard. This process can be accomplished only with the aid of the phonograph, for repetitions of Bruckner symphonies in the concert hall are so infrequent that it would take a lifetime of concertgoing to get acquainted with even a small proportion of them.

Having gone through the process with all the Bruckner symphonies, I have reached a conclusion that I don't expect all of my fellow music-lovers to agree with, but it is mine nevertheless: that Anton Bruckner is perhaps the greatest of all symphonic composers, and certainly a composer of the noblest stature, comparable to Bach, Beethoven, or Mozart. I do not hope to convert many people to this conclusion; the only way to become converted would be to go through the same process of repeated listening. But for such readers as may be willing to undertake the task, I recommend a phonograph and a lot of Bruckner recordings. There may be music-lovers who are thoroughly acquainted with Bruckner and who still dislike him—but I have never met any.

It is difficult to explain precisely all the reasons why Bruckner seems to me such a towering genius. The judgment is an esthetic one, and all the analytic writing in the world won't justify it. Among the reasons, however, is the consistent nobility of his musical thought. There is nowhere anything cheap, trivial, theatrical, artificial, or pompous about his music. It is, when you are acquainted with it, remarkably simple, earnest, and straightforward. Bruckner was, to my mind, the only nineteenth-century symphonist to take symphonic form a step onward from where Beethoven left it. His use of multiple themes in groups of three, instead of the two characteristic of the classical symphony, and his broadening of the scope of symphonic development are examples of this advance. Technically, he was an amazingly resourceful and inventive thinker. There is a prevailing notion, probably derived from stories about the simplicity and naivete of his personal character, that he was somehow inept in expressing himself. For this notion there is not a shred of evidence. There is not a technical device in the history of counterpoint, harmony, or formal structure of which he was not a consummate master, and certain of his works—for example the fugal finale of the Fifth Symphony — are among the greatest technical *tours de force* to be found anywhere in music.

Then, there is another feature of his symphonic writing that is seldom talked about: the originality of his orchestration. He is not, like Brahms, an orchestrator of piano music. He uses the orchestra as a medium apart, writing for it purely orchestral music that defies translation into any other instrumental idiom. And the charm and freshness with which he manipulates the simplest orchestral ingredients, throwing them into relationships of tone color that are completely

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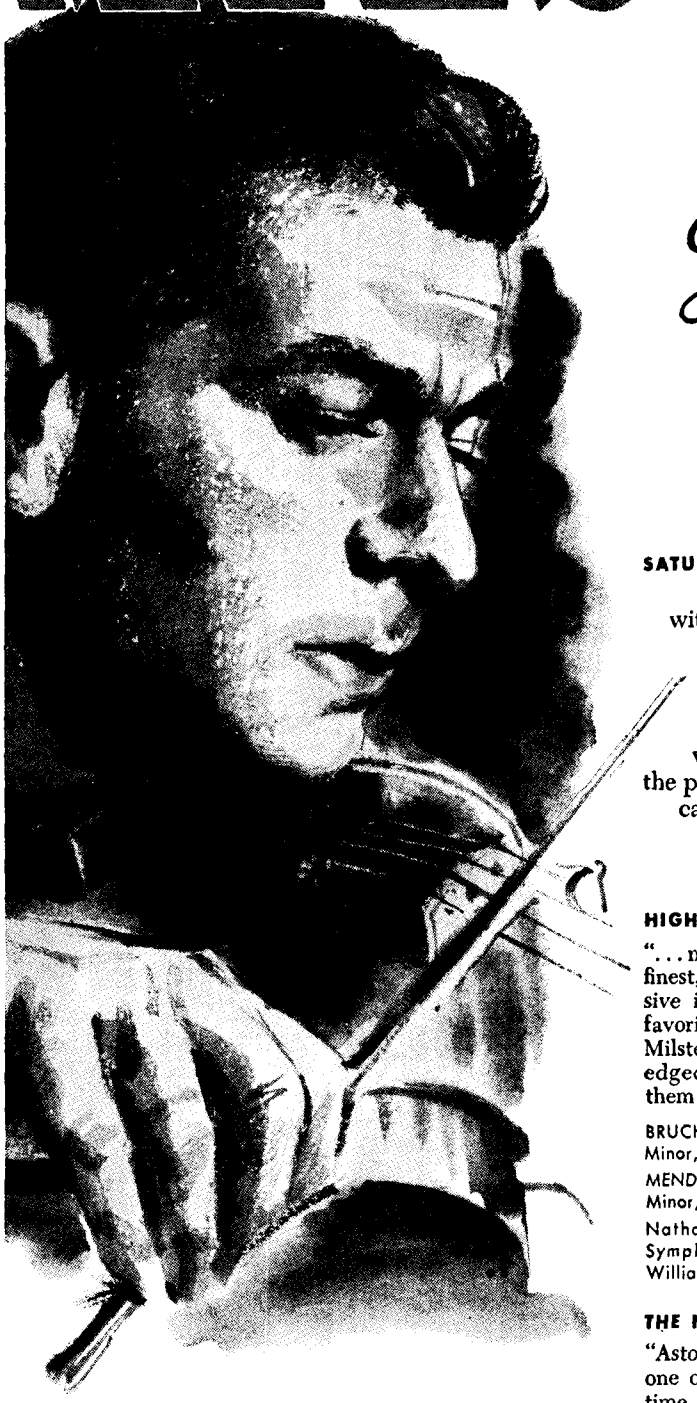

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individual and tellingly effective, are among the most striking characteristics of his style. All these points, however, are matters of technique and do not explain the essential magic of Bruckner's music. That is something one can apprehend only by listening to the music itself. If there is any limitation to Bruckner's musical thought, it is simply that, like Michelangelo or Tintoretto, he was most at home in large, sweeping, monumental conceptions, and that, like Bach or William Blake, he was an artist whose inspiration was predominantly religious.

Fortunately, it is now possible to get all the Bruckner symphonies in recorded form, though, as far as I am aware, all the currently available recordings are foreign ones. A batch of the most recent of these I have found of great interest, since it includes a couple that had been unfamiliar to me up to now and a few more that are worth commenting on because of good performances or other points of particular musical significance.

BRUCKNER'S First Symphony (Austrian State Symphony, Dr. Volkmar Andreae conducting; Masterseal LP40) has apparently never been performed in this country, and this neglect is not entirely without reason. While it contains many details that fascinate the confirmed Bruckner enthusiast, it is a very hard nut for the average listener to crack. It is a heavy, brassy, and sometimes crude-sounding work, and is almost completely lacking in the broad, singing melodic themes that are found nearly everywhere else in Bruckner. Ambiguousness of key, obscure complexities of rhythm and counterpoint, and frequent violent contrasts make it sound at times as modern as anything by Hindemith, and it has a curious way of prefiguring the mannerisms of Gustav Mahler. Personally, I find it a very interesting composition, but I should not recommend it to anyone but the most hardened Brucknerite. The performance by Dr. Andreae is perceptive and technically excellent.

The Second Symphony (Linz Bruckner Symphony Orchestra, Ludwig Georg Jochum conducting; Urania LP set 402) belongs in a special category. Like the Sixth, which it somewhat resembles, it is a light and in places almost Schubertian work, remarkably uncomplicated in comparison with most of the later symphonies and entirely lacking in the grandiose, apocalyptic quality most people think of as typical of Bruckner. It contains the complex development, the inversion of themes, and the wonderful play of chromatic harmonies and modulation characteristic of all Bruckner's work. But the mood of this symphony is fresh and joyful, and the writing is particularly lucid and simple, without mass effects and sometimes daringly spare. Here, Bruckner's orchestration, which is the antithesis of Brahms's, is found in its most typical form, with no padding or stuffing, and with each instrumental voice standing out against the rest like the pure primary colors in the palette of an impressionist painter. The performance, aside from a few minor inaccuracies in the horn parts, is superb.

—Bettmann Archive.

Bust of Bruckner—"the noblest stature."

The Third Symphony has recently become available in two versions: one by the Vienna Philharmonic (Charles Adler conducting, SPA 30/1, the last side-and-a-half filled out with Gustav Mahler's uncompleted Tenth Symphony); the other by the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra (Walter Goehr conducting, Concert Hall LP 1195). This I like the least of the Bruckner symphonies, though it contains one of Bruckner's finest scherzos and has other passages of magnificent music. Despite repeated hearings, the finale appears to me slightly strident and disconnected, and the slow movement bristles with formulas derived from Wagner whose occasional influence on Bruckner I find not always altogether happy. However, there are unforgettable things in this symphony, notably the mysterious, incredibly original way Bruckner announces his first theme against delicate cascades of staccato arpeggios in the strings. And the scherzo is a magnificent, whirling, propulsive affair surrounding a wonderfully engaging little trio that has an Austrian folk character about it. Bruckner, in my opinion, was equaled only by Beethoven as a composer of scherzos, and this one, with its combination of tenderness with herculean energy and bite, is a fine example of its kind.

The Third Symphony, taken as a whole, is the first of the mysterious, titanic, passionate Bruckner symphonies. If I have some reservations about it, it is simply that I feel Bruckner has done this sort of thing even more successfully in some of his later works. As to the two recorded versions, it is hard to make a choice, as both have their points. The Adler version is ampler and occasionally clearer; he takes the first movement slower and makes more pauses and more ritardandos. Goehr, I think, does the scherzo more incisively, and his version, though a little faster, is also quite eloquent. His recording has the disadvantage of breaking the slow movement into two parts but the advantage of economy, since it is contained on a single disc. Gustav Mahler's Tenth Symphony, which complements the Adler version, I shall not discuss at length here except to point out that it is a very interesting work and that its juxtaposition with Bruckner's Third serves to emphasize the enormous psychological gulf that separated the two composers, alike as their music is in some purely technical respects.

Bruckner's Fourth (The Hague Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem van Otterloo conducting, followed by Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," Epic LP set SC 6001) is one of the more often played Bruckner symphonies and one whose evocative horn passages, particularly in the first movement and the scherzo, have suggested the beauties of nature to many listeners. Whatever they suggest, these passages are wonderfully mysterious and haunting. Bruckner himself, of course, referred to the work as his "Romantic" Symphony. The opening measures of the first movement, where the horns state the first theme, are I think unique in symphonic literature for their achievement of tremendous poetic effect with means that are as simple as could be imagined. What Bruckner can do with a horn and a few tremulous notes for the strings remains one of the unexplainable miracles of his style. As to the performance on this recording, I have some reservations. Willem van Otterloo's conception of the work is somewhat literal, very conscientious, but lacking in the requisite touch of magic.

The Fifth Symphony (Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugen Jochum conducting; Capitol P 8049/50) is the first of those gigantic symphonies

(*Continued on page* 57)

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V. T. of the H. T.

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ON THE morning of July 28, 1954, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried the brief announcement that Virgil Thomson had resigned as its music critic. He will, it said, be succeeded (temporarily at least) by Paul Henry Lang—the paper, evidently realizing what it has had and has lost, will still have music dealt with on a high intellectual level. When I had absorbed the news, I began assembling my own reactions to it. I recalled many an argument, hullabaloo, Thomsonian phrase, and pyrotechnical paragraph read, heard, suffered, and experienced with pleasure during fourteen years. Has it really been that long, this era in which New Yorkers interested in music have turned to the Thomson by-line? Have we really been assaulted, delighted, affronted, titillated, outraged, and very well pleased for nearly a decade and a half?

It was on the morning of October 11, 1940, that the *Herald Tribune* carried, for the first time, a review by Virgil Thomson. John Barbirolli, the night before, had conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in a program consisting of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, and Sibelius's Second Symphony. Virgil Thomson's review of that concert ended thus: "The concert as a whole, in fact, both as to program and as to playing, was anything but a memorable experience. The music itself was soggy, the playing dull and brutal. As a friend remarked who had never been to one of these concerts before, 'I understand now why the Philharmonic is not a part of New York's intellectual life.'" Since then the Philharmonic and its position in New York have changed somewhat; V. T. has not.

Virgil Thomson, not dead, unthinkable now in any sort of real retirement, is pink with health and alive with plans. Until further notice, then, as a friend (of mine, this time) remarked, the way to imagine him will be in the position of St. Therese in his best-known work: "half in and half out of doors." We have not heard the last of him.

Characteristically and in preparation for his new role as unattached composer, conductor, and distant gadfly, Virgil Thomson this year has been spreading modern American music to such widely separated outposts as Barcelona, Vienna, Paris, Scandinavia, and the Lewisohn Stadium in New York. Wandering evangelism of this stripe will certainly be a significant part of his future condition. Because he is one of the most thoroughly American of Americans, just as he is one of the most constantly musical of musicians, he is extraordinarily good as an ambassador plenipotentiary. All the American styles of our time are somehow native to his Missourian blood. True, he wears a rosette of the Legion of Honor on his lapel, but that should not fool anyone.

In Paris recently I heard and watched Thomson conduct an all-American broadcast by the Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de Paris. In his relations with, and impact on, the men and women of that excellent ensemble he was neither an exotic from overseas nor any sort of imitation Frenchman. There in the Salle Erard he was an American from Kansas City, Harvard, and New York translated into perfect French without embarrassment, accent, or affectation. Idiomatic boulevard French at that, polished and full of neat, astonishing flickers. Pleased to note that he was conducting in an auditorium where Chopin had played, he liked the music he was conducting: pieces by Henry Cowell, Aaron Copland, and Virgil Thomson. He relished the relaxed attentiveness and technical aplomb of the instrumentalists, including that magnificent cellist Maurice Gendron. He was happy sending well-made American music across French airwaves.

The program consisted of Cowell's "Hymn and Fuguing Tune No. 2," Copland's "Appalachian Spring," and his own "Three Pictures for Orchestra," Suite from "Louisiana Story," and impressive Cello Concerto. He felt it all, understood it all, conducted it without strain because all of it, and not only his own music, was as American as Kansas City and himself. The United States that cares enough about living art to produce and nourish it will be gaining a superior ambassador when Thomson devotes more of his always carefully budgeted time to conducting American music. The qualities that enabled him as critic of the *Herald Tribune* to inject new life into the New York musical scene support him here as well. He is never, except consciously, naive.

After that Paris broadcast Virgil Thomson flew to New York for a ten-day intermission before returning to Europe. He conducted one concert of American music in New York, where he won out in the face of teasing rain, roaring airplanes overhead, and the stony waste spaces of the Lewisohn Stadium. Music by Samuel Barber this time, "Appalachian Spring" and the Suite from "Louisiana Story" again—and forty-five minutes of "Four Saints in Three Acts." Later I heard him explaining "Four Saints" to someone. "It's a sort of Negro 'Parsifal'," he began, pointing out that it had become a self-renewing repertoire piece now that not a single member of the original 1934 cast was singing in it. As a composer too, Virgil Thomson qualifies as ambassador. America is not all the loneliness, rebellion, and empty spaces of Thomas Wolfe and Martha Graham; it is happiness too, and sly laughter, and sheer well-being. The music of Virgil Thomson represents all—well, nearly all—of the people.

WHATEVER the tenor of Lang's way, readers of the *Herald Tribune* are not likely soon again to see the likes of this about a very expensive violinist: "The fellow can fiddle. But he sacrifices everything to polish. He does it knowingly. He is justly admired and handsomely paid for it. To ask anything else of him is like asking tenderness of the ocelot." Or, outrageously (does this jester expect us to believe him in earnest?): "I realize that there are sincere Sibelius-lovers in the world, though I must say I've never met one among educated professional musicians." Who else might be able and willing to write, in reviewing a recital by a very renowned pianist, that "if one had never heard before the works he played last night in Carnegie Hall, or known others by the same authors, one might easily have been convinced that Sebastian Bach was a musician of the Leopold Stokowski type, that Brahms was a sort of flippant Gershwin who had worked in a high-class night club, and that Chopin was a gypsy violinist"?

From the beginning in 1940, uninterruptedly since then, numerous accusations have been leveled against Virgil Thomson the critic. Some of them have been accurate, murderous, and generally justified; some have been right only in a particular instance; some have been emotional and irresponsible, replying in kind to a Thomsonian provocation. Critics of the critic said, for example, that his judg-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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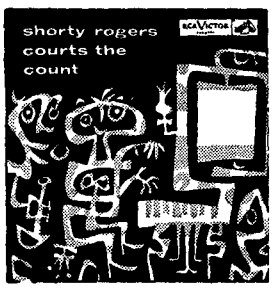

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By FAUBION BOWERS

Tokyo.

FOREIGNERS in Japan can be luckier, at least in one respect, than the Japanese themselves. Occasionally, under the guise of being "visiting dignitaries" and therefore entitled to special State privileges, they may be invited to hear Gagaku, the oldest regularly performed orchestral music extant today in the world. Such a performance, if the cautious Imperial Household accords an invitation, will probably take place in the Music Building, one of the three or four tall, two-storied concrete buildings deep within the outer walls and past the double moat of the Imperial Palace. There, the visitor will sit with a handful of other persons, either guests like himself or members of the Emperor's staff, sprinkled thinly around the vast auditorium. Far outnumbering the actual total of listeners, the orchestra of perhaps twenty-five musicians performs its pieces with a concentration and finish that in the West we associate more usually with huge public concerts.

The extraordinary occasion of hearing Gagaku (pronounced nga-nga-koo and meaning literally "graceful, authorized music") begins with a series of reverberating thuds on the orchestra's giant drum. In appearance alone, this drum, or *taiko*, shows the antiquity and far off connections of the music soon to begin. The heavily carved, wooden, oval-shaped frame, from which the drum is suspended by thick ropes, represents the sacred flames which encompassed the Hindu God Siva as he began the original drum rhythms which created the world. The thick hide of the drum itself is painted in red and black with the two interlocking "S" shapes, familiar in ancient Chinese religion and philosophy as the Yin and Yang symbols of duality. As the windows and skylights shudder with the drum's sound, the musicians (dressed in costumes whose styles have been traditionally repeated for the last thousand years) take their places at the far end of the hall. On their heads they wear the thin, transparent, starched black gauze hats with curling flaps at the sides and back which announce their official rank as Regular Musicians of the Imperial Court, hereditary posts usually handed down from father to son.

Several kinds of flutes, both long and short, flageolets, gongs, and small drums constitute the bulk of the orchestra. But three additional instruments add their special flavor to the ensemble and give Gagaku a unique and inimitable timbre and sonority. These are the *koto*, which is a thirteen-string dulcimer played with the fingers on which metal or horn plectrums are attached like fingernails, the *biwa* or four-stringed lute, and, most unusual of all and unlike any Western instrument, the *sho*, a miniature, hand-held pipe organ of seventeen slender bamboo pipes and reeds. These three instruments give the orchestra its harmonic substance. The *sho*, for instance, plays solid chords of ten notes which are either altered or sustained as the music requires while the performer blows continuously in and out through the mouthpiece. They also perform independent contrapuntal passages to add to the tonal lines.

The various melodies of the "dulcimer" and the "lute" are so intricate and considered so refined that they are omitted whenever Gagaku accompanies dancing. The theory behind this practice is that only coarser music belongs with the less subtle sister art of dance and that the athletic motions of dance destroy the gossamer-spun melodies of the strings. As the exotic dissonances and weird tunes collide, and the pulsing beats of fives and nines or fours and twelves punctuated by the drums vibrate delicately and uncertainly in the Westerner's ears, it begins to seem self-evident that this is an extremely old music of the past. After such a program it comes as no surprise to learn that Gagaku first appeared in Japan 1,500 years ago. But somehow, it is startling to think that not long after the fall of the Roman Empire, and considerably before England, say, was very civilized, and nearly a millennium before the violin and the piano, for instance, were used in the West, this magical music of Gagaku was weaving its spell over the Imperial family and nobles of the court in Japan.

Although today's foreign visitor may have an opportunity to attend one of these Gagaku performances, the average Japanese—even if he spends his life within walking distance of the Imperial Palace—is never very likely to hear a note of the music. On rare occasions an invitation performance might be given at a public shrine. Sometimes an approximation of the general sound of the music will be played at weddings or at other ceremonies connected with shrines and ancient Japan. Also at the Kabuki theatre, if the play calls for an Emperor to appear, a reasonable facsimile of Gagaku will be produced. And Americans recently heard an out-of-tune, guesswork version of what Gagaku is like in one of the Azuma Tokuho dances adapted from the Kabuki theatre. But real Gagaku, ever since its first importation from India, through Tibet, and from China, through Korea, has been kept out of the reach of the people. It has remained the pursuit of princes and the exclusive preserve of noblemen. Originally Gagaku came to Japan along with Buddhism and related cultural aspects from China and the world beyond. But while Buddhism and the Chinese classics gradually sifted down to the people at large, the music did not. It remained at the top, zealously guarded and protected by its high-ranking patrons.

TO AMERICANS, whose traditions and customs are so different from the Japanese, such musical snobbishness as that surrounding Gagaku seems at first to be decidedly unfair and selfish. But the problem of preserving the past arose, for the most part in America, only shortly before its solution—the discovery of several means of recording sound and movement for posterity. Phonograph records, tape recorders, motion picture films and sound tracks have ensured for a number of decades now the permanent availability of at least part of our cultural heritage. But Japan, during

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the past fifteen centuries, has been concerned with maintaining her ancient arts and practices without the advantages of modern scientific discoveries. The only way that Gagaku music could be perpetuated, for instance, has been by maintaining the musicians themselves, and the only way to effect that has been to keep the art within the hands of the Imperial family and the nobles connected with it. This group has proven to be the main one in the Japanese social structure whose stability and continuity has endured more or less unimpaired through the centuries of history.

But perhaps another element which enters in is even more important. The keeping of Gagaku away from the people also meant that it never had to be "popular" or appeal to the public. It never felt the pressures of the times nor was it ever submitted to contemporary tastes. What would have happened to it had it not been confined so exclusively to the Court circles can be surmised by looking for it in the countries of its origins. Here is the most astonishing fact connected with this ancient music. In India and China, where it fell from royal pleasure for some reason, it has long since been lost and forgotten. Melodies which in Japan's Gagaku today have Sanskrit names are now unheard in India. Masks of gods and demons which once were common there are now unknown and can today only be found in Japan. Some of the instruments of the orchestra, particularly the *sho*, which were borrowed direct from China of the pre-Tang era can now be seen there in old sculptures found in cave temples. Gagaku in its home countries is remembered in lichened stones and brittle, perishing documents of the past. As faithfully as it is probably possible in what the Buddhists call the "changing, unstable world," the Court of Japan has kept this art of Gagaku in its pure and pristine magnificence. For this musicological feat, the world owes Japan a tremendous debt of gratitude.

Since reaching Japan in the fifth century, Gagaku has had a comparatively placid and tranquil history. Its success when it was first presented before members of the Imperial family as a novelty and something from the "mother country of Buddhism" was immediate. By the ninth century, the courtiers had taken up the elegant practice of composing their own original pieces, and some of these became permanent additions to the repertoire and are still performed. By the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Imperial taste for this music spread to the Shogun's court. These were the military rulers who actually controlled the country while the Emperors lived in graceful retirement. One of them, Minamoto no Yoshiye, is known to have insisted on dancing with his sword and spear to a martial piece of Gagaku music known as Bairo (from Vairocana, an Indian deity of war) before engaging in any combat with the enemy. At the turn of the twentieth century, during the period of Japan's rapid Westernization, the only concession the Imperial Court Musicians made to the new era was to take up a European counterpart of Gagaku, the classical "little" symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. Now they divide their three rehearsals a week more or less equally between this Western music and Gagaku.

RECENTLY, the fate of Gagaku has for the first time in history been challenged. After centuries of undisturbed continuity, postwar Japan has in the space of a few years shaken the confident assurance that Gagaku always will be simply because it always has been. While each emergency has been dealt with as it has arisen, the possibility of danger to this national cultural treasure has attracted considerable attention, and the question of the future has touched Gagaku as it never had before in the past.

The first of these challenges occurred shortly after the Occupation of Japan began. When the Emperor's privy purse was rather severely curtailed it became obvious that he would no longer be able to support the Court Musicians and their families who had been depending for their entire livelihood on his patronage. In a desperate effort to earn some money and become self-supporting, the Imperial Household violated all historical precedents and initiated a series of two concerts to be held in one of the downtown theatres and to be open to the public. The modest publicity (in keeping with the dignity of "Imperial Music") and the remoteness of the antiquated musical styles failed to draw large crowds of ticket-buying Japanese. But this extraordinary break with tradition apparently forced the Government's attention to the pressing problem of Gagaku's future. An adjustment of some sort was made between the Government (which has an active de-

—*Bungei Shunju*

The Gagaku drum—"antiquity and far-off connections."

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partment for Preserving Cultural Treasures of the Nation) and the Emperor's private funds. Gagaku has once again retreated within the walls of the Palace and its musicians are continuing to live adequately on these newly allotted monetary grants.

Not long ago, Gagaku was again faced with another crisis. This new problem concerned the *sho*, the single most important instrument of the orchestra. A *sho* has at the bottom of each of its pipes a tiny rectangle of brass which, when covered with a greenish, powdered, metallic stone, serves as a reed. This reed and its coating is the core of the *sho's* sonority —which is extremely resonant, piercing, vibrant, and tense—and is tuned by an infinitesimal drop of wax which determines the exact pitch of its ten stops with their tones and microtones. This metallic stone is a kind of malachite and is called in Japanese *sui jaku-seki* or "peacock stone" because of its blue-greenish color. For centuries now, since the original creation of the instrument in China, the only source of this "peacock stone" has been Siberia. However, during the last few years of unfriendly relations between the Soviet Russia and Japan it has been impossible to get any supplies of it. The recent diplomatic rupture between the two countries over the peace treaty has now ended all hope of further availability of this stone.

CURIOUSLY enough, an American —one of those foreigners once invited to a performance at the Palace—was responsible for alleviating the fears arising from this set of circumstances. After considerable search he discovered that the only other known source in the world of this type of malachite is found in Bisby, Arizona. After an exchange of letters in which the gravity of the situation was fully dwelt upon the Bisby Chamber of Commerce magnanimously sent a ten-pound bag of it to the Imperial Household. While the musicians regretfully found it was "not as good as Siberia's," they nevertheless have begun using it.

With these two perils safely dealt with and, at least for the time being, out of mind, Gagaku continues to be performed as it always has been, gracefully, with dignity, and with that Asiatic magic that only age and generations of traditions can give. The foreigner—even if he has to travel thousands of miles to hear and see a performance—is lucky. And it is somehow gratifying to think that Bisby, Arizona, has contributed its bit to musical history and has, in its way, made a token repayment of the foreigners' debt to the Musicians of the Imperial Household.

Opera Roundup

I SUPPOSE it is possible that a singer has, some time in the past, been phonographically presented to the public simultaneously in two such demanding roles as Salome and Elektra, but the memory doesn't come easily of a feat equivalent to that contained in London LL-1038/39 and Decca DL-9723. The former offers Christel Goltz and a notable Viennese cast under the direction of Clemens Krauss in the third "Salome" of record—though in many ways, the first—while the latter presents the same lady in a substantial part of "Elektra" with Georg Solti conducting.

As most Straussians know, Goltz was the principal singer in the first full-length "Salome" ever, a tape from Dresden which Oceanic offered in the early days of LP. That was a substantial evidence of affinity, generating a respect later enforced by personal observations of her work in Vienna, Munich, etc. The two new instances make it quite clear that it is a considerable singer, as well as actress, whom Rudolf Bing is bringing to the Metropolitan this winter.

The impressive thing to me is that Goltz has extended her mastery of the dramatic content of Salome (in particular) while preserving intact her ability to sing a beautiful lyric line, to articulate a fine phrase around B and C in the shimmering top of her voice or a convincing low G flat where it is called for. In our experiences with Welitch, Varnay, Wegner, Lawrence, Borkh, and others we have gotten to know a variety of ways of playing this part—but I can't remember a more musical performance than the one Goltz gives here.

For that, the reasons may be found not only in her own flair for the role and her prizable command of its technical difficulties, but as much (if not more) in the sensationally reserved and, eventually, irresistibly effective conducting of Krauss. Compare the great, climaxing moments of this score in a variety of performance—both phonographic and live (such as an air check of the Reiner-Welitch broadcast from the Metropolitan)—and you will be hard pressed to choose among them for effect. This is a reasonable reflection of the vast sound structure Strauss evolved at these points.

It is the special art of Krauss to trace the line of the score firmly from beginning to end, to make the "bridges" and "transitions" and joints as much a part of the total effect as the proclamations of Jokanaan, the dance, or Salome's apostrophe to the head. It is then that one becomes aware (when one is too often distracted in the theatre by action) that the tissue of this score is continuous from beginning to end, that Strauss's remark that it should be conducted "like fairy music" is more than a whimsy.

I don't propose to extol in detail here all the satisfaction of the playing by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the high artistry of Julius Patzak's Herod (vocally the best I have ever heard), or the pleasures of having in relatively small parts such singers as Anton Dermota (Narraboth), Ludwig Weber (first Nazarene), or Walter Berry (first soldier). Margareta Kenney, though a new name to me, is a very acceptable Herodias. My one complaint would be with the Jokanaan of Hans Braun, whose voice is not of the stature for the part in this kind of performance (and often is too distant from the microphone). In its projection both of mass and detail, this is one of London's triumphant engineering feats.

AS COMPARED with previous "Salomes," it is clearly a far more polished, tightly integrated product than the Goltz-Keilberth product of several years ago, and it is of a subtlety and

Christel Goltz—"affinity for Strauss."

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finesse not approached by the Columbia set in which Wegner is the Salome and Moralt the conductor. As noted at the time of its appearance [RECORDINGS, *SR* Feb. 27] Wegner is an able singer who does not have the dramatic impact wanted in a Salome, and Moralt's conducting leaves much unprobed. In recording, it is decidedly impressive but not with the kind of authentic relationship of elements in the score projected by London. Individually, Josef Metternich is a better Jokanaan than Braun, Georgine von Milinkovic a more biting Herodias than Kenney, but they do not affect the totality to any important respect.

Turning to the "Elektra," and remembering also how she sounds in "Capriccio," the judgment must be that Goltz is a singer with a natural, or highly developed, affinity for Strauss. She is the continuing figure in the sections beginning "Allein! Weh, ganz allein" (monologue for Elektra), "Ich will nichts hören" (with Klytemnestra), and "Was willst du, fremder Mensch" (with Orestes). The only regret is that these are merely fragments. Her sound is bright and pure throughout, the power for the big moments always forthcoming (microphonically, at least). Note, too, her superb command of the text (a feature of the "Salome" also), her ability to sing through a word without losing vocal quality.

The related elements are also first class, including the conducting of Georg Solti (who might, however, take the lead more often, rather than accompanying as seems to be his tendency), the experienced Elisabeth Höngen as Klytemnestra, and the excellent Ferdinand Frantz as Orestes. Deutsche Grammophon has done tyically fine work with the orchestra (Bavarian State) as well as the voices.

—I. K.

* * *

FIVE hundred years is a long time, and John Fortescue can hardly be called shortsighted when he said "Comparisons are odious," for he could not have foreseen the coming of the long-playing record with its forced choices among multiple versions of the same music. Yet the day is now with us when we must choose one from among five recordings of "Rigoletto." The latest recruit in the growing army of Verdian operas on discs is a Cetra-via-Capitol set, C-1247, $17.85. Depending upon your ideas about opera, the cast may be given as Pagliughi, Tagliavini, and Taddei, or, if you go for tenors first, Tagliavini, Pagliughi, and Taddei.

The best singing of the set comes from Giulio Neri, whose Sparafucile has that big, booming-yet-resonant sound so right for the man with the dagger. Lina Pagliughi, who sang Gilda on Victor's early set around two decades ago, is no longer the easy, floating coloratura mistress that for so long made her absence from the Metropolitan a serious loss. Today she is often lovely, but sometimes must permit notes to slip out of place in a way that would once have been unthinkable.

If you regard the opera as centering about the title role, then you must choose the great RCA Victor set headed by Leonard Warren. For Rigoletto is in many ways Warren's best part. His vocal control was at its peak when he did the recording and, while Cetra's Taddei has a virile resonance in the middle, neither the *mezza voce* nor the top of the voice can rival Warren's. Tagliavini is generally strained, whether in full voice or that strange, head-tilted choking sound he uses with alarming frequency. No, in contrast to the flawless if slightly Germanic touches of Berger, the best of Jan Peerce, a Warren at his height, and the superb style and rhythmic control of the Shaw chorus, with Italo Tajo's Sparafucile only less than Neri's (all this on RCA Victor) Cetra offers merely the routine conducting of Angelo Questa, an average chorus and orchestra performance, and a soprano and tenor duo past its prime. The plum remains with RCA.

—PAUL HUME.

Erich Kleiber
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FFRR continues the series of full-length operatic recordings whose superiority on all counts is manifest. Once again, every artist involved is the finest exponent of the role as glancing at the above roster reveals. This is the type of performance which Virgil Thomson describes as "a miracle of Vienna . . . where the ensemble of acting was tasteful, dignified and organized. The singers played to one another as a good theatre group does. Nobody took the show into his own hands, and nobody played up his own radio or concert personality. Everybody was acting in a play, and they were acting in the same play. They were also making music, and they were all singing the same music. The musicians from the top stars to the bottom tuba player were making the music work for the play in awareness of the audience's awareness. And so they did everything very carefully and very beautifully."

LONDON ffrr RECORDS

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Recordings in Review

Artistry in Woodwinds

MOZART: *Concerto in A (K.622). Jacques Lancelot, clarinet, with orchestra conducted by Louis de Froment; also, Sinfonia Concertante in E flat (K.297B). Pierre Pierlot, oboe, J. Lancelot, clarinet, Gilbert Coursier, horn, and Paul Hongue, bassoon.* (Oiseau Lyre 50006, $5.95.)

MARCELLO: *Concerto in C minor. Leon Goossens, oboe, with orchestra conducted by Walter Süsskind; also works of Cimarosa, Handel, Bach-Tovey.* (Columbia ML 4782, $5.95.)

JUST as a world-famous name does not guarantee artistry in the performance of the person possessing it, so the absence of such celebrity does not preclude it. Take Jacques Lancelot. It was my ignorant lot not to have had an inkling of his existence until the arrival of a recent batch of Oiseau Lyre records of which this is one of the best, but not the only fine one. It doesn't take more than a couple of dozen spins of the disc to determine that Lancelot is one of the day's outstanding masters of his instrument and a worthy companion-in-honor to any of the "big" names operating on more customary means of display.

In a recent glut of fine performances of the Mozart concerto—Denmark presents Louis Cahuzac, Holland offers d'Hondt, Berlin puts forward Koch, and France another candidate in F. Etienne as competition for the American-based Kell—Lancelot's is one of the most dexterous as well as tonally smooth. He has an amazing ability to echo a forte with a mezzo forte or swell from a rippling piano to a double forte and back without a change of timbre, plus a real sense of style in this music. He hasn't such an outgoing conception of the work as Kell, nor as much tonal warmth, but this is a mighty man on his man-made machine, Lancelot, and one worth knowing. The orchestra is well directed by Froment and the recording is quite good.

In the less familiar but no less beguiling Sinfonia Concertante, Lancelot's nearest equivalent is Pierre Pierlot, a Parisian oboist who may be encountered in all sorts of odd repertory (the only kind his instrument owns). He is a fine fellow with a deft phrase here, and with Lancelot keeps a firm line of Mozartian discipline against a little looser execution by the horn and bassoonist. Considering the interests of this work, it is double justification for buying the Clarinet Concerto or duplicating a purchase in some other coupling.

The justifications are quintuple on the treasurable record of Leon Goossens in an exhaustive collection of the best works for his instrument. I offer an endorsement almost hesitantly, for it is hard to believe that any devoted music-lover could have resisted the multiple lures of this collection, which appeared last spring. However, on the theory that one more recommendation can hardly hurt, I may describe it as an abiding pleasure, whether Goossens is spinning his fine sound in and out of the patterns of Marcello, Cimarosa, the oboe concerto which Tovey very properly made of the Bach Clavier Concerto No. 4 in A, or a version of the Handel Concerto Grosso in G minor, Opus 3, No. 10. The recording ranges from good to excellent.

Belated Bow to Bartók

BARTÓK: *"Mikrokosmos" Suite, "Two Portraits." Tibor Serly and Franco Autori conducting the New Symphony of London with Jean Pougnet, solo violin.* (Bartók LP 303, $5.95.)

A HAPPY increment of a recent record-by-record survey of the orchestral literature on LP (destined for publication in early 1955) was the discovery of a number of fine recordings which escaped my attention at the time of their appearance. High on the list was this coupling of excerpts from Bartók's sizable "Mikrokosmos" cycle (eight, in orchestrations by Tibor Serly) and the "Two Portraits" for violin and orchestra.

Pleasure of discovery was equally divided between the material—which, in the light of our much better understanding now of Bartók's music than when he was alive, is directly contributive to the qualities of his best loved works—and its preservation on this disc. The "Mikrokosmos" excerpts are full of imaginative touches for all their brevity, the orchestration by Serly wholly suggestive of what the composer might have done himself, while the "Portraits" (of 1905) are, quite simply, very beautiful music, if still in a style derived from Wagnerian influence.

As for reproduction, the date-of-origin (August 1950) suggests that Peter Bartók was then as far ahead of general trends in recording science as his father was in the musical, for the "Mikrokosmos" can hold its own with any contemporary hi-fi dazzler, and the sound of the "Portraits" is as impressive, acoustically, as the music is esthetically. A real collector's item, this.

Adventure in RCA Fidelity

BENNETT: *"Adventure in High Fidelity." R. R. Bennett conducting.* (RCA Victor LM 1802, $5.72.)

THERE comes a time in the workings of every record company when "Let's do a high fidelity demonstration" becomes the battle cry of the hour. With typical largess, RCA Victor has put the problem in the capable hands of Robert Russell Bennett, who knows the tools of the orchestra like Webster did his words. The result is a specially written nine-part orchestral fantasy which occupies the major portion of a twelve-inch LP side. Supplementing are passages of orchestral demonstration borrowed from Tchaikovsky and described as "The Orchestra in a Nutcracker Shell," with a second side devoted to the vocal artistry of Roberta Peters, Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren, with a few "bands" (literally) of pop music at the end.

It's brilliant recording, of course, but not more than RCA has done in a variety of Stokowski sides, of Reiner and some Toscanini. The project stands or falls, it seems to me, on the values in the Bennett suite. This has practically all the old tricks of Russian orchestration which have suited the microphone so well in the Rimsky-Tchaikovsky-Stravinsky repertory, and not a few new ones as well; but precious little musical value, or perhaps little precious musical value.

Bennett has started with an amusing enough concept by giving his sections such titles as "The Arrival at the Great Gates of the Castle Hi-Fi," "The Variable Pitch of Princess Rhumbamba," "The Balinese Ballad of the Tweeter and the Woofer," "The Waltz of the Vinylite Biscuits," "Blasphemy in the Amplifier," and "The Full Frequency Fountain of Farewell," but the musical content does little to justify the titles. The net of it is: if you want music you can get better than this on almost any disc, and if you want demonstration material why clutter it up with synthetic tunes? I suppose I should be broad-minded about the broad jazzing of Haydn's "Surprise," but it didn't amuse me.

Side two, which offers Strauss's "Amor," sung by Miss Peters, La Serna's "El Jilguerito con Pico de Oro," sung by Miss de los Angeles, Tosti's "L'Ultima Canzone" less than

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well sung by Leonard Warren, and a series of pop tunes, is preceded by some gliding tone demonstrations. Also, by "constricted" range recording of parts of the Bennett suite. R. D. Darrell's verbal commentary is well done. As a "giveaway," it might have some appeal. As a "buy," I can't see it.

Hess's Late Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas, Opus 109 (in E) and 110 (in A flat). Myra Hess, piano.* (RCA Victor LHMV 1068, $5.95.)

ON THE theory that there is more than one way of playing such a work as either of these late sonatas of Beethoven, I am willing to grant Myra Hess her way with them if she will allow those more fortunate to retain their memories of Rachmaninoff in the first, Josef Hofmann in the second. I do not invoke comparisons with such contemporaries as Backhaus, Kempff, Schnabel, Serkin, Casadesus, Solomon, or Gieseking because that would be ungentlemanly—also demonstrable.

The plain fact would seem to be that if Miss Hess regards a playback of her Opus 109 as a true rendering of Beethoven's intentions, I can only conclude two things: something is at fault with my machine, or all the other performers are offering monstrously overdrawn, percussive, unduly vigorous performances of these notes. I do not hear a suitable differentiation of emphasis in her playing, the crisp kind of rhythm required, or the capacity to produce a climax of regulated sound rather than hard-driven unresonant noise.

Miss Hess has more congenial patterns to work with in the A flat, and much of her long-admired sensitivity asserts itself. But I cannot feel a conviction in her playing of these works as I did in so many other—and shorter—things in bygone days. It is well for any artist to seek new worlds to conquer, but there is always the risk that in turning one's back on the old, the way to the new will be much more difficult than it appears.

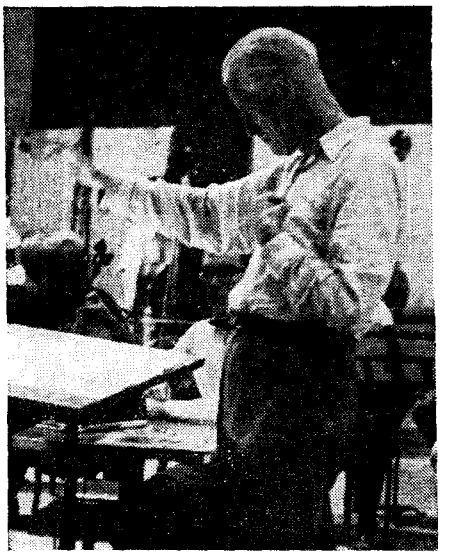
Schnabel by Schnabel

SCHNABEL: *Concerto. Helen Schnabel, piano, with orchestra conducted by F. Charles Adler.* (SPA 55, $5.95.)

SOME of the longest hours I have spent in Carnegie and Town Halls in pursuit of the elusive eighth note were those during which the compositions of the late Artur Schnabel were performed. These were astringent creations in the twelve-tone system which always seemed to me paradoxical as the utterance of a man who played the clear, understandable music of Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven with such authority and finesse. Here is the resolution of the paradox: clear, understandable music of a Brahmsian-Straussian persuasion, dating from the period 1900-1902, when he was expressing a compositional personality of his own rather than absorbing one, ready-made, through a "system."

To be sure, it is hardly probable that this honest if undistinguished music would have been recorded were it not the product of a salient interpreter whose abilities in vitalizing the creations of other men won him a deserved repute and a legion of devoted followers. At the same time, it strikes me as much more genuine than the unattractive outpourings of later date (and dated, cruelly, by their "modernity"). Why the first movement was omitted, I cannot say; but the slow movement and finale comprise, really, a reverie for piano and orchestra, a musical remembrance, in the Proustian sense, of things past. The second side group of songs is also highly creditable as well as substantially unoriginal. Helen Schnabel (a daughter-in-law, through marriage to Karl Ulrich) plays the piano part of both very well, but Erika Francoulon's soprano is not nearly so disciplined as her understanding of the texts. The orchestral part of the concerto is reasonably delivered under Adler's direction and the recording is better than one would anticipate.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



R. R. Bennett—"amusing . . . concept."

Dvorak on Tape

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 4 in G. Thor Johnson and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.* (A-V Reel No. 1507 B, $6.75.)

TRUE to the theory that every embryo repeats the history of the species, the makers of tape repertory for home use seem unable to avoid the growing pains which should have been anticipated from the tortuous development of the disc. In this first example of symphonic literature I have come upon from A-V, I was happily listening to Johnson's capable performance and the generally good reproduction of it when suddenly sound ceased in the middle of the slow movement. Tape time (sixteen minutes, plus) for the size of the reel utilized had, apparently, run out. With the agility born of years of dealing with a manual machine in 78-rpm days, I sprang from the chair, rescued the end of the tape before it should become disengaged from the spool, reversed dials, and in practically no time at all—not more than a couple of minutes anyway—the fractured slow movement was under way again.

However, this is no part of what seems to me the proper use of tape. Continuity in music has become an expected part of home listening experience, and it was held to be one of the boons of tape that the old arbitrary limitations of playing time on disc would no longer intrude. This experience would indicate that the tape manufacturers, no matter what their technical skills—and this product is excellent in sound and consistent in quality throughout—are not yet too well posted on what the listener at home expects.

It remains to be added that the cost noted above is more than double the charge for the same performance on Remington 199-168; for this amount the purchaser enjoys a somewhat brighter sound, minus surface swish. It is also substantially more in price than the versions of Kubelik, Walter, and Szell, which are to various degrees preferable on artistic grounds. Some more realistic relationship of cost obviously must be worked out before the technological factors involved can be properly valued.

—I. K.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Helen Schnabel, piano, with F. Charles Adler conducting. SPA 45, $5.95.	Violinists, no doubt, will envy the facility with which the pianist gets around the usually knotty passages in this adaptation by the composer himself of his familiar masterpiece. However, it is not likely that many will consider the whole enterprise more than the satisfaction of a musicological curiosity. Miss Schnabel performs with credit to the family name, and the orchestral direction of Adler is considerate. Good sound, save for an overprominent bass.
Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8. Berlin Philharmonic conducted by F. Fricsay. Decca DL-9626, $5.85.	Fricsay's formula for playing these works is to take all tempi somewhat faster than anyone else. However, the consequence is not so much vivacity as ennui, as the patterns pass in a rush of sound in which (especially in the Eighth) appreciation of the orchestral texture is obscured in a blur of effect. The orchestra follows him doggedly, and the reproduction is as good as any available.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Nathan Milstein, violin, with Pittsburgh Orchestra directed by William Steinberg. Capitol P-8271, $5.70.	If lofty intentions alone guaranteed success, this would be the version of the Brahms for which many have been waiting. However, for all the sturdy musicianship and vaulting technical skill Milstein and Steinberg apply to their task, there is a certain inanimation, a lack of warmth and charm in the results that make the end product less than magnetic. Some of this may derive from the super-realistic recording, which gives too much of Syria Mosque to the ear.
Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E minor. Friedrich Gulda, piano, with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL-1001, $5.95.	There may or may not be virtue in the touched-up version by Balakirev of Chopin's scoring which Boult uses in this performance, but I am not convinced that Gulda is the pianist for this composer. His tone lacks sufficient shades of color, and he misses too many small points in a rather heavy-handed simulation of the "grand manner." Impressively beautiful sound in these grooves, however, especially in the piano bass, which has rarely been treated so well.
Debussy: "Jeux," "Six Epigraphes Antiques." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London LL-992, $5.95.	The matter of note here is not the insubstantial ballet score, well though it is played, but the first hearing of Ansermet's own transcription of the "Epigraphes Antiques." One would expect a high degree of justice in any such undertaking by Ansermet, but the result may be described without equivocation as a real addition to the Debussy literature. Fine-grained sound, with every grain evident.
Liszt: Concertos No. 1 and 2. Orazio Frugoni, piano, with Hans Swarowsky conducting. Vox PL-8390, $5.95.	Clean-cut, fluent performances by Frugoni, a pianist of musical instincts as well as technical accomplishments. However, the orchestral direction by Swarowsky does not equal the equivalent element in the Farnadi performances on Westminster, and the latter recording is also superior.
Martin, Frank: Concerto for Harpsichord. Isabelle Nef, harpsichord, with Louis de Froment conducting. Oiseau Lyre DL-53001, $5.95.	As Ernest Ansermet explains in his interesting annotation, Martin finds in the harpsichord "resources particularly suited to his style." In this work of 1952 for small orchestra the refinement of his thought and the deftness of its expression are productive of real listening pleasure, intensified by the purposeful direction of De Froment (a new name and a welcome one) and the practised artistry of Mme. Nef. Well-balanced sound, and musical.
Massenet: "Scènes Pittoresques," "Scènes Alsaciennes." Jean Fournet conducting the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux. Epic LC-3053, $5.95.	Both in conception and execution these are superior versions of agreeable but demanding works, which have not been provided with such searching attention to detail in the phonographic past. In addition, the reproduction is of the power and brilliance now associated with this label.
Mozart: Concerti in G and D for flute. Hubert Barwahser, flute, with John Pritchard conducting the Vienna Symphony. Epic LC-3033, $5.95.	Neither of these makes one forget the historical standards of Marcel Moyse and René le Roy in music of this genre, but with those unavailable the clear, spirited playing of Barwahser is acceptable if not precisely welcome. Pritchard does his work in orderly fashion, the Epic (Philips) engineers theirs with distinction. (The second concerto is, of course, the oboe concerto transposed from C to D by the composer).
Mozart: Concerto in B flat (No. 18) and F (No. 19). Hans Henkemans, piano, with John Pritchard conducting. Epic LC-3047, $5.95.	The leadership impulse seems to come here from Pritchard, a Busch protege, now installed in Glyndebourne (and Liverpool), which hardly speaks much for the individuality of Henkemans. In any case, the kind of jolly performances they produce are not seriously competitive to other versions now available, except in sound, which is excellent.
Mozart: Minuets (K.599,601,604). Maurice Hewitt conducting. Haydn Society 101, $5.95.	Twelve minuets in seqflence would hardly seem the happiest form of exercise for the Mozartian fantasy, but a substantial share of them makes absorbing listening, especially as ministered to by Hewitt (pronounced, in the French fashion, eh-WEE) and his fine ensemble. The attractions of the disc would be enhanced were the second side something other than still another version of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and not an irresistible one. Good sound.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 35 (in D) and 40 (in G minor). Harry Blech and the London Mozart Players. RCA Victor LBC-1069, $2.98.	The "Haffner" is a more difficult assignment for Blech and his suave ensemble than the G minor, which is played with a fine regard for individual lines and a pervasive sense of what the music is about. However, in the popular price category it has a rugged competitor in the version by the Rochester Orchestra and Leinsdorf. In sound, the English product has a shade the better of it.
Sarasate: "Danzas Españolas," and other pieces. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Louis Persinger, piano. London LL-962, $5.95.	Ricci's inner flame, his emotional drive, are even more positive elements in these performances than his violin virtuosity. That is to say, the virtuosity is considerable, but not sufficient of itself to provide the magnetic results that result from the energy he pours into these pieces ("Caprice Basque," "Zigeunerweisen," and "Introduction and Tarantelle" in addition to the "Danzas"). Louis Persinger is the able pianist, and the recording (an American product) is highly satisfactory). —IRVING KOLODIN.

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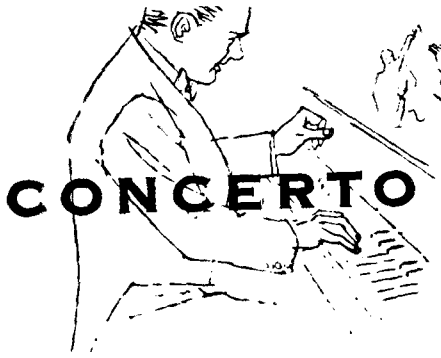
Bruckner

Continued from page 47

that Bruckner turned out in his most mature period, the others in this category being the Seventh, the Eighth and the Ninth. The slow movement has a truly remarkable combination of delicacy and majesty; the finale, with its powerful, gothic fugue, is one of the most impressive things Bruckner ever wrote, and the scherzo is, to my mind, the greatest of all the Bruckner scherzos—a movement of such subtlety, grace, and emotional range that it seems to constitute a small, delicately poetic symphony all by itself. Aside from a tendency to drag here and there in the slow movement, Eugen Jochum's performance of this symphony is quite dramatic and technically satisfactory, though at times it lacks the clarity of the old recording by Karl Böhm and the Saxonian State Orchestra.

The Sixth Symphony appears in two versions, one by the Vienna Symphony (Henry Swoboda conducting, followed by Bruckner's settings of the 150th and 112th Psalms with the Vienna Kammerchor; Westminster 5055/6), the other by the Linz Bruckner Symphony Orchestra (Ludwig Georg Jochum conducting; Urania LP 7041). This, except for its slow movement, is a very subtle symphony and is particularly difficult to grasp on first hearing. It is perhaps for this reason that it has remained the least popular of all the Bruckner symphonies. But after a great deal of persistent listening, it reveals beauties of an evanescent, gossamer sort that are found nowhere else in Bruckner. In the lightness of its scoring it resembles the Second, and it is also, like the Second, a happy, untroubled work. Its difficulties for the listener lie in things like the harmonically ambivalent opening theme of the finale, which seems on first hearing not to be getting anywhere at all and which only later seems to fit perfectly into the logic of the movement's structure. The symphony is a personal favorite of mine, and I find its energetic first movement and its light, highly unconventional scherzo endlessly fascinating. The slow movement needs no apologies or special comment. It is one of Bruckner's greatest, and even Bach has nowhere written anything nobler.

The two performances are different, but each has things to recommend it. Swoboda's is much more deliberate and, at times, clearer. Jochum's is more brilliant. I prefer Swoboda's tempo in the scherzo, which Jochum turns into a veritable "Walkürenritt." But both performances are excellent



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ones, and the choice of one or the other is finally a matter of taste.

The Seventh Symphony (Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Eduard van Beinum conducting, followed by César Franck's symphonic poem "Psyché"; London LL-852/3) is, in this country at least, Bruckner's most popular and often performed symphony. Its tight, lucid structure, the grandeur of its sweeping opening theme, the lofty dignity of its slow movement, and the vigor and subtlety of its scherzo and finale certainly make it one of the most easily accessible to those who are not confirmed Bruckner enthusiasts, and it is, of course, one of his finest works. The performance by the Concertgebouw Orchestra and Van Beinum is a model of great Bruckner interpretation. I have never heard the Wagner tubas, which Bruckner introduced into the symphony, played with the smoothness and polish they have in this recording, and Van Beinum's understanding of proportion and climax, particularly in the rather elusive finale, which is difficult to project convincingly, is of a very inspired sort. I can recommend this recording unreservedly as an altogether superb performance of a magnificent composition.

The Eighth Symphony (Hamburg Philharmonic State Orchestra, Eugen Jochum conducting, followed by the "Te Deum," Munich Radio Symphony Orchestra with chorus and soloists, also conducted by Eugen Jochum; Decca LP set DX 109) is a work of gigantic proportions, but one that is so deftly constructed and dramatically satisfying that it makes a profound impression almost from the initial hearing. Its mood in general is tragic and apocalyptic, and the long slow movement has a simple grandeur and an atmosphere of devotional passion that makes it one of Bruckner's most impressive. This version is a reissue on long playing records of the original Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft edition which has been available for several years. I have always found Eugen Jochum's pacing of the Adagio so slow that it sometimes interferes with the intelligibilty of Bruckner's lengthy phrases, but aside from this flaw the recording is an excellent one.

The Ninth Symphony (Pro Musica Symphony, Vienna, Jascha Horenstein conducting; Vox PL 8040) is, although unfinished, one of Bruckner's supreme masterpieces. Its complex, chromatic Adagio, in particular, represents Bruckner in the full flower of his technical mastery and its scherzo has something of the quality of gentle, poetic humor that one finds in the last act of Verdi's "Falstaff." I cannot, however, recommend the Horenstein interpretation. It has an unswerving metronomic rigidity which is perhaps patterned after the style of Toscanini, but which is wholly inappropriate to Bruckner. It overlooks most of the work's subtleties of proportion, and many of the most delicate details of the first movement, notably certain unforgettable little connective passages for clarinet, are completely obscured. There have been, in the past, much finer recordings of this work. I remember, particularly, one by Sigmund von Hausegger and the Munich Philharmonic which was released by RCA Victor and is now, unfortunately, out of print.

BESIDES these nine symphonies, Bruckner wrote two preliminary studies in the symphonic form, the second of which awaited performance until long after his death and is now variously known as the "Youth Symphony," the Symphony No. O, and the Symphony in D Minor, Op. Posth. Under the latter title it has been recorded by the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra (Henk Spruit conducting; Concert Hall LP 1142). Bruckner is reported to have forgotten all about this early composition until one day he dug the manuscript of it out of an old trunk and hastily scribbled on it the words "Symphony No. O not at all valid (Only an attempt)." For all Bruckner's own reservations about it, it is an altogether charming little composition which contains in embryo many of the characteristics of structure and orchestration that were to appear fully developed in his later work. Its themes are not as sharply defined as those of the later symphonies, and its texture is light and at times almost Mendelssohnian. The mature Bruckner touch is already discernible in the slow movement which is quite lovely and contains the first of those magnificent soaring counter-themes that are features of nearly every subsequent adagio he wrote. The scherzo is simple, very Mendelssohnian, and a beauty. I have never heard of Henk Spruit, but he conducts the work very sensitively and with obvious affection.

The reasons for the particular obscurity that Bruckner's symphonies have on first acquaintance, and the consequent controversial quality that they assume in the minds of most listeners, are somewhat baffling, and a great deal has, of course, been written about them. Bruckner's style is a very individual one, and though he has been compared to Wagner and to Schubert, his music is really not very much like that of any other composer. The characteristics of this style include a certain bluntness which can seem a little antipathetic until it is understood. Bruckner's themes range from long, sweeping, songlike conceptions—like the opening motive of the Seventh Symphony—to short, crusty rhythmic ideas that have, in themselves, very little melodic charm.

Between these two extremes there are other kinds of themes: themes that are made up of contrapuntal patterns of simultaneous melody and themes that consist of broad choral harmonies. There are also themes that modulate from one key to another and thus make very little sense outside their harmonic context. In developing these themes Bruckner uses the whole palette of chromatic seventh chords and iridescent modulating harmonies that came into fashion in the mid-nineteenth century, and he uses it with a degree of complexity found elsewhere only in Wagner. He also uses the technique of inverting themes more consistently than any other composer, and these inversions must be detected by the listener if he is to realize what is going on.

THE bluntness I have referred to above is found not only in the rough-hewn quality of many of the themes, but also in the rather stark lack of the embroidery and filigree work one finds in more familiar contemporaries like Brahms. Bruckner is quite capable of stopping dead at the end of his first theme and then taking up his second without any polite or cajoling bridge passage whatever. He often uses long stretches of unison without harmonic trimmings, a process which strikes the confirmed Bruckner lover as extremely daring, but which sometimes sounds crude on first hearing. When Bruckner comes to the finish of a big, baroque movement he often hammers it home quite unabashedly with periods and exclamation points, and he is a great user of sequences in the building of his powerful climaxes. In a composer of less genius, these habits might seem either unsophisticated or arrogant. But they are part and parcel of Bruckner's musical personality, and their very lack of sophistication is closely related to the earnestness, the great honesty, and the painstaking effort to communicate noble and simple ideas that endear Bruckner to those who are well acquainted with his music.

I know of few other composers who are as daring in opening their inmost emotions to the listener without pretense or self-conscious virtuosity, and this is one of the things about Bruckner that makes me think him such a great master.

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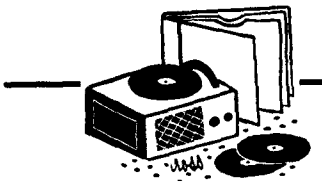

POP ROUNDUP

Brown, Brubeck, Tatum

I DOUBT that there exists today a more expert pop ensemble than the Les Brown band. Brown, by virtue of his association with the Bob Hope radio and TV shows, has been able to avoid the "road" most of the year and still pay his side-men top money. The result has been virtually no personal turnover and a high degree of precision in the ensemble. Most of Brown's men play jazz—some, such as tenor man Dave Pell, trombonist Ray Simms, and trumpeter Don Fagerquist, very well—and his trumpet section has a big, exciting scope.

Brown, though he does well financially, has had comparatively few hit records in his fairly long career ("Sentimental Journey" with Doris Day's vocal, and "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm" are his only big ones), and he has yet to build a fanatical fan following such as those of Glenn Miller or Benny Goodman. I believe the fault lies in the fact that his tempos are more frequently suited to musical rather than dance requirements, and his arrangements, though stunning, rarely permit compromise with the average dancer. In short, Brown caters to the knowing. His idiom is not easily distinguished from those of his colleagues Kenton and Herman.

Yet Brown's band is capable of generating real excitement. Some of its best work has just been processed by Coral Records and is presented in a package of two twelve-inch LP's, LES BROWN CONCERT AT THE PALLADIUM (Coral CX 1, or separately, CRL 57000, CRL 57001.) These selections were tape-recorded from broadcasts emanating last year from the famous Los Angeles ballroom. You can feel the electricity in the crowd and the band—the latter precise as ever, but playing with the forceful abandon that can be achieved only before a live, dancing crowd. To anyone who enjoyed the big Goodman and Herman "concerts" I would recommend this new collection with few reservations. I was especially taken with several of the Frank Comstock arrangements.

The jazz scene becomes broader and richer each month, and the long-playing releases by old and new stars continue to stream from all companies. A dozen new stars are nudging the old-timers, but the latter respond with new resourcefulness and exuberance. The bandstand on Olympus is getting crowded. However, I believe also that jazz is served today by several false prophets, and I'd like to get in my lick at the Dave Brubeck Quartet, currently represented on a tremendously successful (I am told) LP, JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE (Col. CL 566). Featured in this group is a first-rate modern alto sax man, Paul Desmond, and in all fairness I must admit that the group swings behind him. But Brubeck's piano playing I find pretentious and non-swinging. It's mainly a heavy-handed, unrelenting succession of block chords.

Certainly Brubeck's "modernisms" are not as exploratory as those of the "old master" Art Tatum in a remarkable five-volume anthology just released by Norman Granz (Clef MGC 612, 613, 614, 615, 618). Tatum's unbelievable facility and fertility are on panoramic display here. His rapid harmonic changes and shifting key centers have always kept him a few skips ahead of the latest modern school, and he will probably outlast them all. It would be difficult to pick any one favorite disc from the five. Real piano enthusiasts will want them all.

—BILL SIMON.

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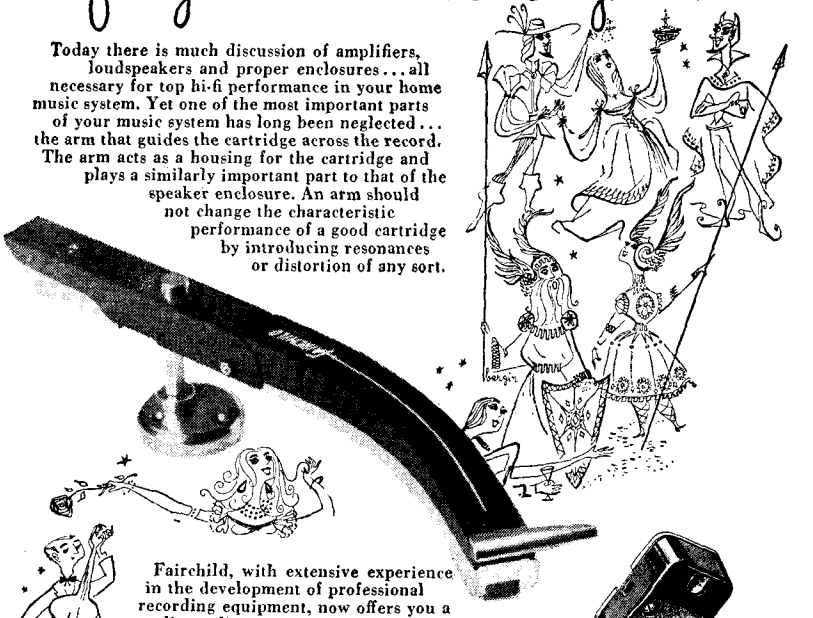

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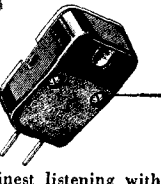

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HITS AND MISSES

Iron Bands and Iron Bandsmen

IT SEEMS incredible that it is eighteen years since John Hammond moved Count Basie's orchestra from Kansas City to New York. That is time enough for an infant in arms to become a robust string bassist; and it has been time enough for the first lustrous Basie organization to disperse and for another splendid ensemble to take its place. Basie's trademark is the same: the delicate piano inventions of the leader poised against the massive rhythmic punctuations of the brass and reed sections. But the new band quite naturally reflects the jazz world's increasing preoccupation with melodic and harmonic nuances. Basie has a new stable of arrangers and of brilliant, improvising soloists. He has kept his old virtues (if one excepts the departure of specific personalities, such as Lester Young) and he offers the ear many new values. With Duke Ellington, he is a master of big-band elegance.

The month is full of work by Basie's band and by smaller combinations including Basie side-men. A program of compositions by Basie arrangers—Johnny Mandel, Neal Hefti, Ernie Wilkins, Frank Wess—is found in "Count Basie Dance Session" (Clef MGC-626). As with many Norman Granz record productions, the jacket of this album fails to give the full personnel, but it is the full Basie band, moving with institutional assurance and individual dazzle. "The Frank Wess Quintet" (Commodore FL 20,-031) is led by one of Basie's tenor saxophonists, who doubles deliciously on the flute; there are also Basie's trombonists Henry Coker and Benny Powell; and a top-drawer rhythm section with Jimmy Jones, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums. The tunes, mostly originals, are very modern in feeling and executed with great suavity. A somewhat more pungent modernity emerges from "Joe Newman and his Band" (Vanguard VRS 8007), which is led by one of Basie's trumpeters and includes the tenor saxophonists Frank Wess and Frank Foster from the Basie list. Newman is particularly fine in a richly shaped "Blues for Slim." Throughout the program the Basie boys have admirable support from Matthew Gee, trombone; Eddie Jones, bass; Johnny Acea, piano; and Osie Johnson, drums.

This album, supervised by John Hammond, is a model of high fidelity jazz reproduction, and so are two others from the same supervisor. "Sir Charles Thompson Quartet" (Vanguard VRS-8006) features the warm, sensitive, finely swinging pianist of that name (his title is a logical progression from King Oliver, Duke Ellington, etc.). A bebop veteran, he plays here in thoroughly conservative taste, and is joined by the extraordinary trio who made up Count Basie's original rhythm section: Freddie Greene, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. The result is the irresistible treatment of four numbers: "These Foolish Things," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Springtime in the Rockies." Among the many fine things about the session is the unusually lucid reproduction of the impeccable guitar playing of Greene. And in "Brother John Sellers" (Vanguard VRS-8005) you will hear the Sir Charles Thompson Quartet behind an effecting young blues and folk singer who began to learn his art in Mississippi gospel sessions. Again, Freddie Greene is bewitching.

I recently had the pleasure of talking with Dizzy Gillespie, and when a friend of mine asked him how he would characterize a certain lightning downward figuration of which he is fond, Dizzy replied: "Well, I guess you could call it exhibitionism." Certainly the flamboyant trumpeter is capable of putting on one of the great musical raree shows. But when he is in good musical company and atmosphere he is all musician—the greatest trumpet in the modern jazz style. You will hear him as such in "The Dizzy Gillespie-Stan Getz Sextet Album No. 2" (Norgran MGN-18), the troupe including tenor saxophonist Getz, pianist Oscar Peterson's trio, and Max Roach at the drums. The numbers include some fascinating variations on "Siboney" and a whirlwind "Impromptu" which might well discourage anyone else from trying to play rapidly for some time to come. In a moderate tempo, there is a whole twelve-inch rendition of "Rose Room" by a rocking crowd of improvisers including tenor saxophonists Illinois Jacquet and Flip Phillips; alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Buddy Rich, drums; Lionel Hampton, vibraphone (Clef MGC-5005).

Dizzy Gillespie—"all musician."

THE saxophone treats of the month have included young Bob Gordon, a California modernist on the baritone (Pacific PJLP-12); the tenor-playing prince of ease, Lester Young, in a long program of classics, backed by Oscar Peterson and others (Norgran MGN-1005); and Eddie Shu, tenor, with drummer Gene Krupa in a fine trio recital (Clef MGC-627). I search the album in vain for the identity of the pianist. But this is a very taking little group. It exhibits Krupa's versatility much more than his big-band performances, and one special feature is Shu's poignant, ballad-style treatment of "September Song" on the harmonica. Guitarists are commended to the flashing modern artistry of Tal Farlow, accompanied by Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Joe Morello, drums (Norgran MGN-19).

In the traditional jazz area the appetizing Wilbur de Paris band, still fielding Wilbur on the trombone, brother Sidney on the trumpet, and Omer Simeon on the clarinet, opens its program with a wonderfully loose-jointed "Under the Double Eagle" and closes it with a sturdy Wilbur de Paris original, "Marchin' and Swingin'" (Atlantic ALS 143). Among the month's worthy revivals are piano performances by Jimmy Yancey (Pax 6011) and Jelly Roll Morton (Riverside RLP 1038); forthright jazz band work by Richard M. Jones's Jazz Wizards and Punch Miller's Stompers (Pax 6010); and a number of more or less anonymous combinations with the gamey Chicago effluence of the late Twenties (Riverside RLP 1040). It will probably be sufficient to say that one group is known as King Mutt and his Tennessee Thumpers.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

DURING the past few weeks the main focus of interest has, not unnaturally, centered around the long-awaited LP debut of Philips. It was perhaps unfortunate that the major item on its list, the Wegner-Moralt set of "Salome," should have been forestalled by the superior Decca version [EDITOR'S NOTE: See page 52], but the general verdict has been distinctly favorable and in the case of the Berlioz "Te Deum" conducted by Beecham most enthusiastic. The latter is in every way an outstanding disc and augurs well for the many Beecham recordings which are said to be on their way. I was delighted, too, by a record devoted to four of Johann Strauss's finest waltzes, performed by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Moralt and issued under the auspices of the Johann Strauss Society of Vienna. This is evidently the first disc of a series devoted to the music of the Waltz King and of his family and, if present standards of performance and recording are maintained, Strauss lovers should be at least partly consoled for the sad loss of Clemens Krauss.

Decca's August list, taking into account the contributions of its numerous satellites, is the most substantial from any company since the bumper crop of last winter and contains not only a massive backlog of Capitol recordings but also a handful of discs issued under a new label, Felsted. The latter are French recordings, and the first batch includes Berg's Chamber Concerto and a group of Milhaud compositions—"La Création du Monde," "La Cheminée du Roi René," "Saudades do Brasil"—as well as some Vivaldi flute concertos available in the U.S. on Vox and two Mozart concertos (for flute and piano respectively) which appear to have been adopted in America by Period. (Is there anyone left in the gramophone world who can trace the complex web of international links? I imagine that even the editors of the "World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music" are beginning to wonder how to deal with this chaos in their next supplement.)

Finally, regretfully ignoring many fine Nixa discs which, in one form or another, have already made their mark in the United States, we come to a handful of late arrivals from EMI's July list. Outstanding among these is a Hugo Wolf recital which includes the "Drei Gedichte von Michelangelo" as well as some of the finest Goethe songs ("Harfenspieler," "Prometheus," "Cophtische Lieder"). This Columbia record finds Hans Hotter in his best voice and singing with tremendous authority, splendidly accompanied by Gerald Moore. HMV's only contribution comes as something of a shock at a time when the world seems to be filled with steel-fingered virtuosi, for Cortot's performances of Schumann's "Carnaval" and "Etudes Symphoniques" are littered with wrong notes, eccentricities, and explosive accents. And yet, amid all the signs of impatient, fumbling age, the perceptive listener will find streaks, not of steel or chromium, but of gold. There are moments of sheer magic here, and these almost persuaded me that the imperfections were of little account.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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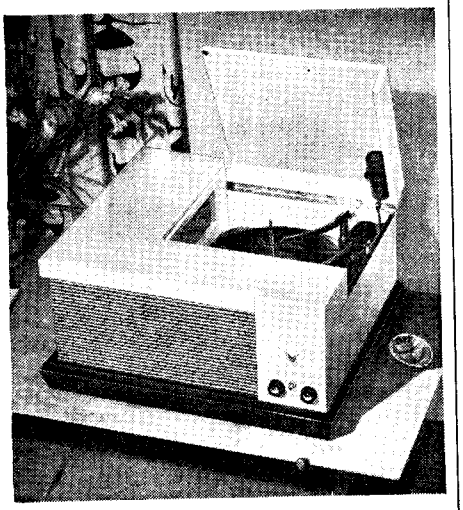

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Echoes of Newport

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE Newport Jazz Festival, which was held in mid-July in that ennobled town's open-air Casino, didn't really get underway, as they say, until half an hour or so after the beginning of the first of its two concerts. At this point, while a spirited Dixieland group, including Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, and Vic Dickenson, was sailing through "Royal Garden Blues," a sprite dressed in dungarees suddenly appeared on the sharply peaked roof of a nearby Casino outbuilding, and burst into a wild, spidery dance against the moonlit sky. The evening was crystalline, the music warm and meaningful, and it seemed as if the spirit of jazz itself had materialized in appreciation of the celebration being held in its honor. A few minutes later, the figure had vanished, but the image—black arms and legs spinning in the light blue air—stuck.

The spirit of jazz had good reason to be present, for the Festival was the first that has ever been given in this country. Jazz, which is, like poetry, an art of surprise, and our only original contribution to the world's music, is also the liveliest and freshest of today's creative arts. But in its place of birth—at least until recently—it has always had to use the servants' entrance. What more proper way, then, of running up its virtues than through a gathering of this sort, where artists whose breadwinning usually keeps them scattered up and down the world have the opportunity of expressing themselves directly to appreciative audiences and to each other?

Fortunately, the Festival was a surprising success commercially and musically. Some thirteen thousand people attended the two four-hour concerts, which featured the largest and most brilliant array of musicians ever assembled under one sky; at least a thousand people went to hear an urbane Sunday afternoon forum on jazz given by such brainweights in the field as Marshall Stearns, Henry Cowell, and Father Norman O'Connor; the sponsors of the Festival, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lorillard, of Newport, estimate that after total expenses of around thirty thousand dollars, over eleven thousand dollars will be cleared; and, finally, the music itself, although rarely reaching any moments of glory, was always tasteful, professional, and engrossing.

The results could, with remarkable ease, have been altogether different. Most large jazz concerts—and there have been dozens since the war—tend to be banal and disorganized, and often resemble highly secular holy roller meetings, in which the listeners urge the participants on to sillier and sillier feats of virtuosity until the entire proceedings are reduced to a din of whistles, catcalls, rimshots, and trumpets that would shade the proverbial proclamations of Judgment Day. Instead, there was a generally attentive and intelligent audience (marked, for some reason, by an astonishing number of beautiful ladies)—most of the rubber-lunged teenagers having been kept away by wisely prohibitive prices—which heard a generous share of soft, subtle jazz, offered by such as Lennie Tristano, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, as well as suitable amounts of heavenly rocking, propounded by such as Dizzy Gillespie, Gene Krupa, and a large jam session group.

Categorically, the Festival was an excellent demonstration of the best of the small band jazz that has been played in this country from 1930 to the present. This was fine, in a fashion, for the small band has always formed the backbone of the music. Nevertheless, the big bands of jazz—Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Willis Conover's Washington outfit—were missed. Also, the festival was limited to a first-rate but misleading display of jazz as a purely solo art. Jazz started, of course, and has always basically remained, an art of collective improvisation and teamwork, in which the solo was an integral part of the whole. In the past few years there has been further development of this collectivism, but from a different approach. Young jazz arrangers and composers are now creating written, yet organic, ensemble passages in which the melodic lines are built around harmonic experi-

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ments and league-lengthed idea, and where the lines themselves are often hard to tell from pure solos, so fresh and spontaneous do they sometimes seem. Although there were several excellent examples of this latter-day collective work, there was none of the earlier, such as is still being played by some of the old New Orleans musicians, like George Lewis, and certain of the young Dixieland copyists.

The actual programming of the concerts, which was hinged on good notes by Nat Hentoff of *Downbeat*, was, all in all, like a jumbled seven-course dinner. To the uninitiated—to which a festival of this kind should pay considerable attention—it must have been somewhat discomfiting to hear in succession Eddie Condon's boys and the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gil Mellé and Teddy Wilson, Lennie Tristano and Billie Holiday. It was as if the audience had been asked to pass rapidly before a wall on which were hung, side by side, a Picasso, a Bellini, a Vermeer, a Van Gogh, a Dali, a Rembrandt, and a Grant Wood.

CRITICISM by hindsight, though, is as easy to come by as marbles in the spring. Many of the objections listed above probably were or are very much in the minds of the producers of the Festival. Most of them simply could not have been gotten around because of limited funds (and therefore time) and previous bookings. At present, however, the Festival committee hopes to make this an annual celebration. (According to a recent communiqué from Cholly Knickerbocker, who can be irregular, some of the mossier members of Newport society are already trying to have the Casino wrested from its present owners in order to prevent a recurrence of the recent embarrassment.) In addition, there are plans for buying a spacious house, which would be a kind of summer center for musicians to study, practise, and ruminate in, and for setting up a scholarship fund, which would enable a few musicians a year to fulbright it a bit. If so, it will be entirely possible for the Festival to be a leisurely, under-the-trees affair that lasts a couple of weeks. During this time, within the framework of more specialized programming, one or two big bands could be present, as well as a traditional New Orleans group or two, a boogie woogie pianist, and a couple of blues singers.

Now that jazz is putting on some weight there is no reason why the Festival should not become as hoary an institution—less the inevitable coteries and cliques—as Tanglewood. After all, jazz, the old wench, has become the dominant poetical strain of contemporary music.

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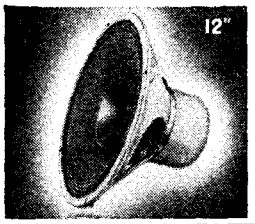

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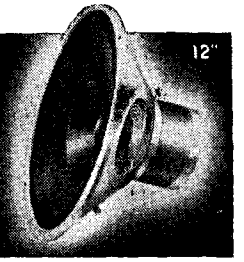

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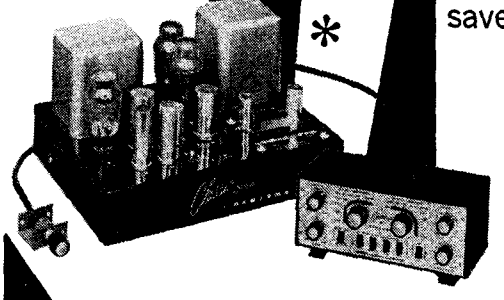

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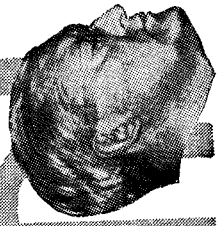

RODZINSKI

V. T. of the H. T.

Continued from page 48

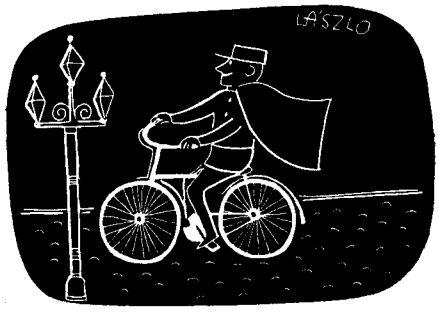
ments and opinions rose from no carefully thought-out, systematically reasoned philosophy of musical creation and performance. Others asserted that behind many of his suddenly amazing pronouncements lay nothing more tangible than a whim or some passing state of his personal psyche. It was said that he at times applied—and then rode—foreign and tangential words: for one period, the matte, meaningless adjective "stylish" was his weapon of praise. It was noted that he failed to apply to certain second-rank performers the destructive, rigorous, not constantly comprehensible standards that characterized his reviews of a Horowitz, a Heifetz, a Toscanini—and particularly when the performer involved happened to be friendly either to him or to the furthering of his career as composer and conductor. His reactions to opera at the Metropolitan and the City Center were based on an overt lack of familiarity with the standard repertoire, it was charged, and therefore gave off that undeniable aroma of wilfulness. He rode some selected individual predilections (such as that for the cello playing of Luigi Silva) beyond the horizon of credibility.

THESE were some of the charges against Virgil Thomson the critic. Documentation for them survives, not only in the files of the *Herald Tribune,* but also in the three books in which wide selections of his daily reviews and Sunday articles were published: "The Musical Scene" (1945), "The Art of Judging Music" (1948), and "Music Right and Left" (1951). Re-reading Thomsonian *obiter dicta* dated over a period of years, one can easily understand why many of his readers said that in order to learn what had really happened at a concert he reviewed, but which one personally had not heard, it was essential first to have in mind a psychograph of the critic. Always one had to remember carefully his prejudices, intentions, personal enthusiasms, blind spots, ambitions, and quirky beliefs. His own personality, life, and career always supplied—as much as his intimate knowledge of music as composer, organist, conductor, and listener—the shifting background against which each sample of his writing had to be understood.

Not that he made a secret of this; we were doing what he wanted us to do and explicitly asked for: "This does not mean," he wrote, "that I hold my opinions to be all true. I do not. Nor do I consider them to be permanent. I am both submissive to facts and amenable to argument. And I consider my personal biases to be facts, not opinions. I will not even hold, therefore, that these do not carry some weight in the balance of my judgment. But if my opinions are not wholly unbiased, neither are they irresponsible. They are the opinions of a man from Missouri who is also a workman."

Onto a musical scene traditionally and preponderantly pro-German-Italian-Slavic he stepped with his French-American predispositions, his striking ability to compose the English language charmingly, his ability to be all at once serious, lighthearted, frivolous, and intense. The things that he saw were not always squarely there, but he knew how to make them objects of public concern nonetheless. A good many of us have never been quite the same since October 11, 1940, and never will be again.

Some of Thomson's best-directed critical assegais lodged in the bodies of victims who still spit when his name is mentioned. Most of his writing colleagues envied him his literary suppleness even when they could not seriously believe him serious or honestly consider him "sound." Affronted managers, impresarios, performers, and hangers-on found ways to pronounce the four syllables of his name as though blaspheming or naming an obscenity. They swept into the discussion charging that he used his prestige and authority in the columns of the *Herald Tribune* as one means of improving the fortunes of his compositions and the weight and size of his career as a conductor. Of course he did, but need judgment of that fact be adverse? He is one man, not several separate identities. What brought him to the position of music critic for the *Herald Tribune* in 1940 must have been his reputation as a composer, as a technically erudite musician, and as the writer of occasional pieces and one witty book, "The State of Music" (1939). Like most of us, he must always have regarded his various activities as facets of a way of living. He is not a weighing machine or, scales in hand, a monument to justice, but an extremely



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human being at the core of whose world are music and himself.

Let me close with a true anecdote. The first atomic bomb had been detonated, and the headlines were large and very black. At a crowded party an addlepated, earnest lady pursued Virgil Thomson, insistently clutching at his sleeve with the demand that he pronounce as a moral oracle on the day's news sensation. Now, he will usually give an opinion or some fragment of surprising information on any subject whatever. But that evening he was clearly not eager to compete concerning a very hot potato with the omniscient columnists. He dodged. But the lady was not to be quelled or shunted to another track. He finally looked at her with narrowed eyes that I can describe only as purposely fishy. "As a music critic," he began with prim distinctness, "I feel that I have the right to speak on only one aspect of the bomb. I am sure," he said, "that it made a most majestic noise."

Meet Tom Lehrer

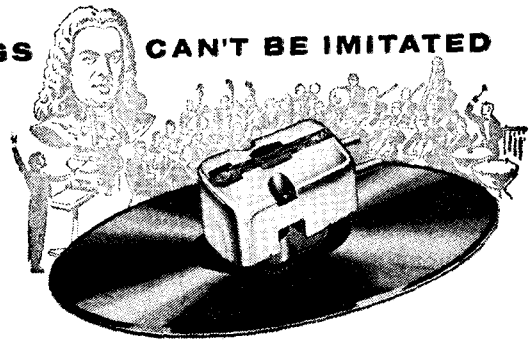
ACCORDING to those who know, I should have known about Tom Lehrer long ere this, for his perky songs and engaging delivery of them are something of a legend at Harvard, where he is—or was, prior to the issuance of his disc ("Songs by Tom Lehrer," $3.95)—a member of the faculty in the mathematics department. How to describe Lehrer is more than I can muster, save that he may be classified as a wandering minstrel with no place to wander, who has sent his thoughts winging our way via disc rather than on foot.

Lehrer's gamut ranges from a sadly sentimental ditty entitled "The Old Dope Peddler" to a mock Boy Scout anthem called "Be Prepared" to a wildly woolly item in honor of scientific progress, which he titles "The Wild West Is Where I Want to Be," to an updated "I Wanna Go Back to Dixie." All of these have a sharp edge of satire, as much in the facile rhyming as in the take-off of banal musical styles and sly interjections of such tunes as Gershwin's "Swanee" sung to the word "Poll Tax. How I Love You."

I hasten to add that of the dozen or so songs Lehrer's marksmanship is dead center in no more, say, than in half. However, that is fair enough average in an area which offers Abe Burrows and very little else. The recording will cause no repercussions in hi-fi circles, but it suffices.

—I. K.

SOME THINGS CAN'T BE IMITATED



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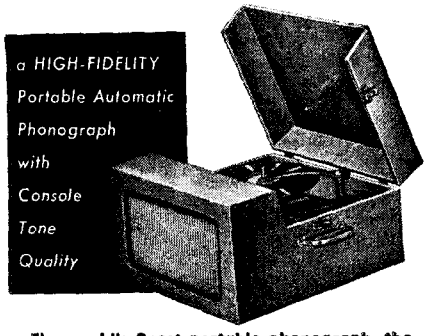

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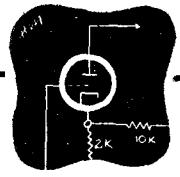


SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Housebreaking Audio

ENDEAVORING recently to deflate the overblown claims for pre-recorded magnetic tapes [*SR* July 31], I touched in passing on a few sore spots of tape fanaticism, but even before the expected anguished protests arrived I realized that many of my complaints were equally applicable to other species of audiomania. Some excesses have been widely condemned: the flagrant misuse of that too-elastic term "high fidelity," for example, or the exhibitionistic saturnalia of those yearly Meetings at Pandemonium, the Audio Fairs. Yet the fundamental problem seldom is clearly stated.

It is simply a question whether our powerful electronic genii are to be masters or servants. In a homelier figure, our phonographs, radios, and tape recorders sometimes strike me as spoiled pets, like those monstrous pooches in Thurber's drawings, at once irresistibly engaging and clumsily destructive. We can't live without them, surely, yet unless they're properly housebroken and trained in good manners, there's no living—comfortably—with them.

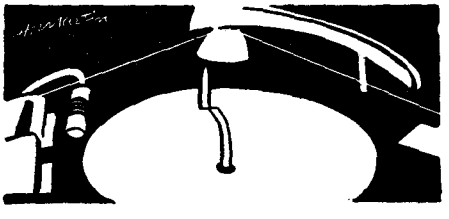
On gray Mondays we all have our special peeves, and my blacklist is headed by the victims of "audiophile's tic"—operators who can't keep their twitching fingers off the controls. Forgetting that tone controls are useful only in matching a specific system to a particular acoustic environment, and that equalizers are only to compensate for specific recording characteristics, they are twisted and turned continuously so that no record ever sounds right in any room. And how often is the volume control set—and left!—for a loudness level appropriate to the type of music and listeners at hand? Conductors and engineers may not be infallibly right, but amateur second-guessers are almost invariably wrong.

Then there are the recording men more anxious to win the admiration of their colleagues and competitors than to please home listeners. Certainly they go too far when they attempt to make all musical experience a series of shock treatments. I keenly relish dramatic demonstration discs and get a great kick out of the real cannon and bells in Vox's recent Tchaikovsky "1812 Overture" (PL-8700) or Capitol's famous percussion solos (in SAL-9020), but I want more from music than shock. A little of such aural stimulants goes a long way. And worse still, such sensational treatment is wholly wrong for chamber and lyrical works. I'm sure the main reason why Delius, say, has fallen in phonographic favor since the war is that his essential romantic sorcery is alien to contemporary engineering. Every tonal detail now is captured in sharp aural focus—but where is the old atmospheric magic?

Next, the home-programmers who insist on inflicting their own special tastes on unwilling captive audiences. *Mea culpa!* I am one of these and fear that our sadism is incurable. But perhaps I can stir our suffering victims to revolt by citing the example of Johnny Appleseed's Choctaw wife (in Vance Randolph's collection of Ozark folk tales, "Who Blowed Up the Church House?") who, every time Johnny started to play his fiddle, "would go out in the woods somewhere, and not come back till he was done. A fiddle-tune sets an Indian's teeth on edge, just like these here steam whistles will run a dog crazy. Them Choctaws set around all night sometimes a-thumping on drums, and they like flute music when the moon is right for it, but they can't stand no goddam squeaky fiddling."

Finally, there are those tonal gluttons who have succumbed to the insidious LP (as well as magnetic-tape) temptations to indulge in outsized musical doses. It's wonderful to have complete operas and other large-scale works on records, but must we go to the opera house or take in a full concert program every night? Too often we all forget the one sure way to avoid musical surfeit and the most effective means of keeping our electronic pets from making a nuisance of themselves and us. Whether our home sound-systems are "true hi fi" or not, they do include one of the finest creations of audio-engineering genius, the greatest of all boons to human aural sensibilities: a simple switch labeled "On-Off." On gray Mondays, occasionally, try it in the "Off" position.

—R. D. DARRELL.



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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

FORTHCOMING MARJORIE LAWRENCE

IN LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [*SR* July 31] I noticed an appeal for Marjorie Lawrence recordings from J. W. D. Garrett. It may interest your readers to know that we are planning to issue a number of records of Miss Lawrence's recorded repertoire on the Camden label. Particulars are as follows:

"45 RPM Extended Play"—

MARJORIE LAWRENCE SINGS LIEDER: R. Strauss: "Lied an Meinen Sohn," Op. 39, No. 5; "Des Dichters Abendgang," Op. 47, No. 2. Hans Pfitzner: "Michaelskirchplatz," Op. 19, No. 2; "Stimme der Sehnsucht," Op. 19, No. 1. CAE 195 (available early in 1955).

MARJORIE LAWRENCE SINGS: "Danny Boy"; "Doun the Burn"; "Annie Laurie"; "My Ain Folk." CAE 190 (available September 1, 1954).

33⅓ RPM Long-Play—

MARJORIE LAWRENCE IN OPERA AND SONG: R. Strauss: Final Scene from "Salome"; "Lied an Meinen Sohn," Op. 30, No. 5; "Des Dichters Abendgang," Op. 47, No. 2. Hugo Wolf: "Gesang Weylas." Hans Pfitzner: "Stimme der Sehnsucht," Op. 19, No. 1; "Michaelskirchplatz," Op. 19, No. 2; "Die Einsame," Op. 9, No. 2. "Danny Boy," "Annie Laurie," "My Ain Folk," "Doun the Burn." CAL 216 (available sometime in 1955).

PETER DELLHEIM,
Recording Coordinator,
RCA Custom Records Division.
New York, N. Y.

HMV IN THE USA

IN RECORDINGS, *SR* July 31, Paul Hume reviews the HMV recording of "L'Elisir d'Amore" and states that the imported His Master's Voice discs are distributed by Addison Foster. Could you give me some information as to the whereabouts of this gentleman?

GENE PACK.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Addison Foster's address is 1226 Montgomery Ave., Narberth, Pa.*

CADENZAS FOR MOZART

THANKS TO Robert B. Gates for his pertinent comments on the ornamentation of Mozart's concertos for piano and orchestra [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR* July 31].

Not only in their reticence to fill in Mozart's sketches do many pianists err, but an even greater hoax is perpetrated in the matter of cadenzas. Some go so far as to replace the few perfectly fine cadenzas that Mozart himself wrote (mostly in the concertos written for students) with formless and irrelevant hodgepodges of their own or someone else's invention. Others audaciously set out to improve on Beethoven's cadenzas for the D minor, whose only fault, as Einstein says, is that they are too good.

In the twelve or thirteen concertos for which Mozart left no cadenzas only two pianists have been highly successful in creating choice blends of adherence to the subject matter and Mozartian embellishment of it (Paul Badura-Skoda and Artur Balsam).

All pianists could take a lesson from Badura-Skoda's excellent cadenzas for K's 482, 491, and 595.

CHARLES W. MOORE.
Chicago, Ill.

"AIDA" ON THE WAY

WHY DOESN'T RCA VICTOR take the pleas of the people and give us an "Aida" with Milanov-Bjoerling-Thebom-Warren?

I think their "Il Trovatore" was one of the finest and best balanced recordings of an opera on records.

Since we are trying to convince RCA Victor to do more recordings, and since they have Mme. Milanov and some of the finest artists, how about "La Forza del Destino" and the great "Norma"?

LEO W. O'DONNELL.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The word from RCA is that the much-requested "Aida" is definitely "in the works" and that serious thought is also being given to a "Forza" and "Norma" with Milanov. The pleas of the people have been heard.*

MORE BY SCHNABEL?

SOME TIME AGO RCA Victor issued the first two volumes of the Beethoven Sonata Society recordings by Schnabel. Since then I have been expecting the regular appearance of the remainder of the set, but I have waited in vain. What are RCA Victor's plans for issuing the missing volumes?

LES KLEIN.
Toronto, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The remaining Beethoven Sonata Society recordings will be issued next year.*

TOSCANINI'S CHERUBINI

DO YOU KNOW whether RCA Victor has any plans for issuing on record the Toscanini performance of Cherubini's Requiem Mass in C Minor which was done on the radio a few years ago?

KENNETH C. BROWN.
Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No immediate plans for issuing this performance, but all Toscanini broadcasts with the NBC Symphony were recorded and are now being checked for possible future issue on LP. Toscanini's approval, of course, is a major factor.*

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IT was the evening of December 7, 1941, in London. Churchill was relaxing at a table with his American friends, Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman. When he turned on his wireless set for a regular news broadcast he heard something said about Japan attacking American territory. He at once put in a call to the White House.

"In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. 'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?' 'It's quite true,' the President replied. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now.' "

The very next day Churchill wrote the Japanese Ambassador to inform him that their countries were at war. He recalls that some people criticized him for the "ceremonial" style he used in his letter. "But after all," comments Churchill, *"when you have to kill a man it costs nothing to be polite."*

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President Roosevelt tried to make a joke of it by offering the compromise plan that only 49,000 be shot. When Elliott Roosevelt made a speech on the subject agreeing with Stalin, Churchill left the table in a huff. He was at once followed by Stalin and Molotov, grinning and eagerly declaring they were only playing, that nothing of a serious character had entered Stalin's head.

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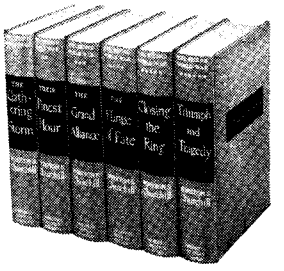

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